

THE
POEMS, ODES, SONGS,
AND OTHER
METRICAL EFFUSIONS,

OF
SAMUEL WOODWORTH,
Author of "The Champions of Freedom," &c.



NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY ABRAHAM ASTEN AND MATTHIAS LOPEZ.

1818.

-Southern District of New-York, ss.

Be it remembered, that on the fourth day of October, in the forty-second year of the Independence of the United States of (L.S.) America, Matthias Lopez and Abraham Asten, of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a book the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"The Poems, Odes, Songs, and other Metrical Effusions, of Samuel Woodworth, author of the Champions of Freedom, &c.

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned :" and also to an Act entitled "An Act, Supplementary to an Act, entitled 'An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

ROBERT FINN,

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

Baldwin, Asten & Co. Printers.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF SAMUEL WOODWORTH.



The compilers and publishers of the present work have been actuated by two motives, which they wish to be particularly and distinctly understood by its patrons.

First—A desire to rescue from oblivion the fugitive productions of a native poet;—productions, which, in their opinion, would have secured an English author both fame and opulence; but which, on this side the Atlantic, have been suffered to

*“blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air.”*

Secondly—A desire to relieve their unfortunate author from those pecuniary embarrassments which have been created principally by the benevolence of his disposition; embarrassments which are the more painful to the sufferer, inasmuch as they tend to oppose the genuine ebullitions of a heart governed by honour, integrity, and every virtuous principle.

These motives, we most solemnly avow, are purely disinterested; unless self-interest can be predicated on love of country, or private friendship. Diffident of his own merits, and discouraged by the total failure of

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several similar attempts, the author shrinks from the undertaking on his own responsibility, and has granted a reluctant consent that his friends should thus come forward on theirs. But, as this consent has at length been obtained, the publishers feel no hesitation in submitting their undertaking, with the motives which induced it, to the consideration of an impartial and liberal public.

To those who enjoy a personal acquaintance with Mr. Woodworth, the publishers need not address themselves. To others they would observe, that delicacy alone prevents their delineating, still more particularly, a character which has long secured him the friendship and respect of a large circle of acquaintance—some of whom are ornaments to their country and human nature. A brief sketch of his life and writings, however, may not be unacceptable to the reader.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH, the author of this volume, was born in the state of Massachusetts, at Scituate, in the county of Plymouth, on the 13th day of January, 1785. He is the youngest of four children, all of whom, we believe, are still living. His father cultivates a small farm (the property of a second wife) which barely produces the necessaries of life, the soil and climate of that county being very unfriendly to agriculture. The old gentleman was a soldier of the revolutionary army; it is, therefore, not surprising that he was unable to give his children an education equal to his wishes. At the age of fourteen, the extent of our author's acquirements was a partial knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic. No school was taught in the village, except during the three winter months; and, as a mistaken idea of economy always governed the selection of a teacher, he was generally as ignorant as his pupils.

During the above period, however, the subject of this short biographical sketch, had produced several

trifling effusions in verse, in which his schoolmaster and the clergyman of the parish thought they discovered traits of genius which deserved encouragement and cultivation. He was, therefore, with the approbation of his parents, placed under the care of this clergyman (the Rev. Nehemiah Thomas) for whom our author always professes the greatest respect, esteem, and gratitude. In the amiable family of this excellent man, master Woodworth remained one winter, during which time he was taught the English and Latin grammars, and made some proficiency in the study of the classics; but the unprofitable employment of writing verses, considerably retarded his more useful pursuits. He preferred a puff of present praise, to a real future good; and his advancement in life has ever since been opposed by the same unpropitious attachment to an art, which

“Found him poor at first, and keeps him so.”

The reverend preceptor was so highly pleased with his pupil's docility, quickness of apprehension and strength of memory, that he began to contrive ways and means for giving him a liberal education. It is true that his own salary was very limited; yet, after consulting with several of his more wealthy parishioners, he found so much reason to anticipate success, that he imparted the project to the enraptured boy, who could hardly contain his joy at the prospect of his most ardent wish being at length gratified.

But the good clergyman and his unfortunate pupil were both destined to be disappointed. No one came forward to aid in the benevolent design—time rolled on—and his friends began to remind him that it would be necessary to learn some trade by which he might procure a livelihood. His feelings, at this time, could not have been pleasant, if we may be allowed to judge from the following extract from his poem of NEW-HA-

VEN, published several years afterward, in which he alludes to the disappointment of his hopes of obtaining a collegiate education. See page 245 of this volume.

*And here the muse bewails her hapless bard,
Whose cruel fate such golden prospects marr'd ;
For Hope once whisper'd to his ardent breast,
“ Thy dearest, fondest wish shall be possess'd ;”
Unfolded to his view the classic page,
And all its treasures promised ripening age ;
Show'd Learning's flowery path which led to Fame,
Whose distant temple glitter'd with his name.
Illusive all !—the phantom all believe,
Though still we know her promises deceire ;
Chill penury convinced the wretch, too late,
Her words were false, and his a hapless fate.*

He chose the profession of a Printer; and after bidding adieu to his native town, and his weeping friends, travelled to the metropolis of his native state, and bound himself an apprentice to Benjamin Russell, esq. editor and publisher of the Columbian Centinel, with whom he continued until the term of his apprenticeship expired, in 1806. During this period, he still employed his leisure hours in writing poetry for the different periodical publications then issued in Boston, under various signatures, but generally that of SELIM. He has not, however, retained copies of any of these productions.

On the expiration of his apprenticeship, he began to be actuated by a new excitement; which was nothing more or less than a desire of taking an extensive tour through the United States, for the purpose of writing a description of his travels. He found it impracticable, however, to gratify this inclination, and therefore continued in the office of his former employer for more than a year; when, through an easy, yielding disposition, he suffered himself to be drawn into some hazard-

ous speculations, the unfortunate result of which rendered a temporary absence from his native state necessary to the preservation of his personal liberty.

He now directed his views to the south, as the course which he had long sighed to pursue; but found himself entirely destitute of the means of conveying himself thither. A friend, however, to whom he acknowledges himself under many essential obligations, and for whom he has ever professed the most ardent esteem, furnished him with sufficient funds to commence his tour; and as he expected to procure employment in the different towns through which he was to pass, he had no doubt of being able to reach New-York without suffering any inconvenience.

This expectation was the source of another severe disappointment; for, after vainly applying at every printing establishment in the various villages on the road, he at length found himself in the city of New-Haven, a stranger, with blistered feet, and an empty purse. Here he was compelled to pause, until he could receive from his generous friend in Boston, a small remittance, (for which he immediately wrote) that would enable him to reach New-York. Fortunately, he was genteelly dressed, and found no difficulty in procuring decent lodgings; and as he had, by this time, acquired a little knowledge of human nature from experience, he was too prudent to expose his *poverty*, and was, therefore, treated with respect.

In a few days the mail brought him the expected remittance from his friend; which, as the reader may easily suppose, arrived very opportunely, although he had, the day before, procured employment, for an indefinite term, in the office of Mr. Babcock.

Finding himself once more comfortably situated, he again gave a loose reign to his natural disposition, by scribbling verses, falling in love, and forming acquaintances. But though it must be confessed that his taste for

social pleasures too often got the start of prudence, and left economy in the back-ground, still his actions were ever governed by the strictest precepts of morality. This we assert on the testimony of those who have known him intimately, and enjoyed his confidence for more than fifteen years.

In Babcock's office he continued about nine months, contributing, weekly, to the *Herald*, the productions of his pen ; when he imprudently resolved to establish a literary publication of his own ; for the printing of which he procured a press and types on his own credit, and commenced the hazardous enterprise with all those sanguine hopes which attend ardent minds untempered by experience. We now behold him the editor, publisher, printer, and (more than once) carrier, of a weekly paper, entitled the *Belles-Lettres Repository*, dedicated to the ladies, and comprising eight pages, medium quarto—subscription price, two dollars per year, payable quarterly in advance.

As might have been expected, the cash received in advance was insufficient to support the expenses of the establishment for two months ; when our young editor awoke from his dream of love, fame, and fortune, to a *feeling* sense of his real unfortunate situation. The publication of the *Repository* was, of course, immediately suspended, the printing materials returned to their original proprietor, and the inconsiderate adventurer found himself burdened with debts which he had no means of discharging. No time was to be lost ; and, after compromising with some, submitting to the curses of others, lavishing fair promises on all, and venting his feelings in a poem of more than 600 lines, he left the city. By a few weeks' employment in Hartford, he was enabled to return to Boston, after an absence of about twelve months, and from thence to his paternal home—

“ *The pale, dejected picture of despair.*”

After spending a few days in Scituate, he again set out on foot, in search of fame and fortune; assuring his friends, in the most solemn manner, that he would never again revisit the spot of his birth, unless he was accompanied or preceded by one or both of the objects of his pursuit. This was the commencement of another painful separation, which has not yet terminated.

We next find our author in Baltimore, where, during the summer of 1808, the newspapers were repeatedly enriched with the productions of his pen, both in prose and verse. In the following spring he proceeded to the city of New-York, where he has ever since continued to reside. In 1810, he formed an attachment for an amiable young lady to whom he was soon afterward united in wedlock, and with whom he continues to enjoy every happiness that can flow from a union founded on reciprocal affection, in a sphere of life but one grade removed from penury and want. They are, however, blest with resigned and contented dispositions, placid tempers, and four beautiful children, worth more to them than all the treasures of Peru.

During the recent contest between the United States and Great Britain, Mr. Woodworth conducted a quarto weekly paper, in New-York, entitled "THE WAR," and also, at the same time, a Monthly Magazine, called the "*Halcyon Luminary, and Theological Repository*," devoted to the promulgation of the doctrines of the New-Jerusalem, of which our author has for several years been a sincere professor, and for some time a *licentiate* of that church in the city of New-York. Neither of the above publications, however, were profitable to the conductor, who was compelled to sell his office without meeting all the demands to which the expenses of the establishment had rendered it liable.

Discouraged by these repeated failures, his naturally enterprising spirit was depressed, and he felt no inclination to commence any new undertaking on his own

responsibility. He therefore applied for and obtained the situation of foreman, in the office of a daily gazette, called the Columbian, where he continued until the first of March, 1816, when Mr. C. N. Baldwin, contracted with him, “*to write a history of the late War, in the style of a romance, to be entitled the CHAMPIONS OF FREEDOM.*”

Woodworth was already known to the public as the author of several Poems, which had met a very flattering reception; but the character of a novelist was altogether new to him, and he consequently undertook the task with no small share of diffidence, in addition to other embarrassments under which he laboured in the task assigned him, with a brief account of which we shall close this memoir.

In writing the Champions of Freedom, the author was confined, by the conditions of his engagement with the publisher, within a compass circumscribed by the latter. By these conditions he was compelled to connect *fiction* with *truth*; and, at all events, to give a complete and correct account of the late war, however much the history of his hero and heroine might suffer in consequence. But this is not all; it is a fact, which we advance on the testimony of persons concerned, that the work was put to press as soon as two sheets were written; and that the author was often compelled to deliver his unrevised manuscript to the waiting compositor—*a dozen lines at a time!* This work was commenced in March, and ready for delivery in the October following; during the most of which period, the author faithfully discharged the duties of foreman in the office where it was printed.

In the few hints here thrown out, the reader will find a sufficient clue to guide him in tracing, through the following pages, the life and character of the author. This volume may be considered as the abstract of his soul, without disguise or embellishment. The different

situations in which he has been placed, and the various feelings resulting therefrom, are all faithfully represented and expressed in the tones of his lyre, as they are taught alternately to change

“From grave to gay—from lively to severe.”

All will immediately perceive, what is actually the case, that he is candid almost to a fault ; carrying, as it were, his heart in his hand, without making the least attempt to conceal a blemish, or to heighten a beauty. His attachments, it will be seen, are sincere and ardent—his resentments, warm and evanescent. Though an enthusiast in love—he is a philosopher in religion ; examining every doctrine by the light of revelation and reason, before he adopts it as an article of his faith ; and however his creed may vary from our own, it is impossible that we should doubt the sincerity of its professor. His life is moral—his conversation chaste—his manners modest and unassuming. Without taking the lead in conversation, he always adds something to its interest ; and, though he seldom dazzles, he is ever sure to enlighten. Without prepossessing strangers in his favour at first sight, he possesses the faculty of stealing their affection, before they are aware of its being excited. In one word—he is a good citizen, a faithful friend, an affectionate husband, a tender parent, and an honest man. Of his merits as a Poet—the public have now an opportunity of judging for themselves.

A few brief remarks on the volume before us, and we have done :

Most of the smaller pieces contained in this volume, have already appeared before the public, in different periodical journals, under the signature of SELIM. But so little value was attached to them by the author, that he not only neglected to retain copies of them, but has frequently been unable to recognize his own mental offspring, after a few years' absence, until convinced of

their legitimacy by the evidence of circumstances, or the testimony of his friends. Our correspondents in Boston and Baltimore have recommended more than fifty pieces for this collection, the copies of which we have not yet been able to procure; but if encouragement should be given to publish a *second volume* of Woodworth's Poems, we shall spare no pains to obtain them.

ABRAHAM ASTEN,
MATTHIAS LOPEZ.

NEW-YORK, March, 1818.

WOODWORTH'S POEMS.



THE MINSTREL.

How happy is the Minstrel's lot,
Whose song each care beguiles ;
The frowns of fortune fright him not,
Nor does he court her smiles.
Contented with his tuneful lyre,
His art can yield the rest ;
He pours his soul along the wire,
And rapture fires his breast.

The Minstrel.

He envies not the power of kings,
With all their glitt'ring toys ;
The tones that warble from his strings,
Impart sublimer joys.
He builds a world of airy bliss,
Where love erects his throne ;
And though his fancy frame the kiss,
Its sweets are all his own.

What though no wealth his song repays,
Nor laurels deck his lyre ;
The glow he catches from its lays,
Is bliss supremely higher.
What though his fairy pleasures seem
Illusion's shapeless toys—
He would not lose so sweet a dream,
For all your waking joys.



The Flowers of Life.

THE FLOWERS OF LIFE.

The ills of LIFE's journey how many complain of,
Who swear not a flow'ret is found in the road !
But the evils they censure I laugh at the pain of,
While sweet smiling Cheerfulness lightens the load.

Though I find not a rose, I indulge not in sorrow,
But pluck with Contentment a daisy to-day ;
Nay, even a sprig will feed Hope for the morrow,
The humblest that nods to the zephyr of May.

Let others dispute, I'll avoid their dissension,
• Religious, political, moral, or such ;
For the lily of Peace thus escapes their attention,
And the sweet bud of Pleasure which blooms at my
touch.

The blossom of Friendship, surviving mortality,
I'll carefully cherish and wear in my breast ;
Though its picture may boast brighter hues than reality,
Its fragrance directs me when doubtful the test.

The spirit of feeling, the soul of affection,
Wildly ardent in rapture, and melting in wo,
Whatever its image, attire, or complexion,
With mine shall commingle in sympathy's glow.

The Flowers of Life.

I ask not his birth-place, whatever the region,
 Hot, temperate, frigid—despotic or free ;
 I ask not his politics, creed or religion,
 A Turk, Jew, or Christian—he's still dear to me.

— But ah ! there's a flower which, tho' teeming with nectar,
 Beneath its fair aspect screen's Misery's dart,
 So artfully veil'd that it mocks a detecter,
 Till press'd to the bosom it pierces the heart.

But still to a bosom susceptibly placid,
 The anguish of Love will but heighten its joy ;
 As the bev'rage uniting a sweet with an acid
 Is grateful, when nectar untemper'd would cloy.

The bramble of Avarice others may nourish,
 Exhausting Life's soil of its virtues and strength ;
 I'll stray where the plants of Beneficence flourish,
 And the generous vine winds its serpentine length.

Let misers pursue their mean sordid employment,
 And hoard up their treasures for life's latest scenes ;
 I'll waste not the moments allow'd for enjoyment,
 Nor squander the season in gaining the means.

Our object is happiness—ne'er could we miss it,
 In life's varied path, if the talent were ours
 From all we encounter some good to elicit,
 As bees gather sweets from the meanest of flowers.

The Flowers of Life—Evening.

Then pluck every blossom of Happiness blooming ;
Leave birds of contention and play with the dove ;
And our path, soon the flush of enchantment assuming,
Will glow an Elysium of Pleasure and Love.



EVENING.

'Tis pleasant, when the world is still,
And EVENING's mantle shrouds the vale,
To hear the pensive whip-poor-will
Pour her deep notes along the dale ;
While through the self-taught rustic's flute
Wild warblings wake upon the gale,
And from each thicket, marsh, and tree,
The cricket, frog, and Katy-dee,
With various notes assist the glee,
Nor once through all the night are mute.

The streamlet murmurs o'er its bed,
The wanton zephyrs kiss its breast,
Bid the green bulrush bend its head,
And sigh through groves in foliage dress'd ;
While Cynthia, from her silver horn,
Throws magic shades o'er EVENING's vest ;

Evening.

Sheds smiles upon the brow of Night,
Not dazzling, like Day's shower of light,
But soft as dew, which mocks the sight
Till seen to sparkle on the thorn.

'Tis then the hour for sober thought,
To leave this little world behind ;
To traverse paths which Newton taught,
And rove the boundless realms of mind ;
Till Pride reluctant lifts the mask,
And shows the boasting mortal blind ;
Then the warm soul, intent to stray,
Would joyful shake its clogs away,
And, bursting from its bonds of clay,
Pursue its glad, progressive task.



TO JULIA.

While Folly's shrine attracts the fair,
Blame not the beaux who worship there ;
If *gods* for you took meaner shapes,
No wonder *we* descend to apes ;
Let Beauty smile on WORTH alone,
And fops and fools will not be known.

SONG.

I love to hear the flute's sweet notes,
On Zephyr's balmy pinion borne ;
While soft the melting cadence floats,
And sighing echoes wake to mourn ;
Stealing on th' enraptur'd ear,
At the closing hour of day,
Wildly warbling, sweet and clear,
Grateful as affection's tear,
Then in murmurs die away.

I love to hear, when blushing morn
Tips the clouds with rosy hue,
The new-wak'd lark salute the dawn,
His matin song of praise renew,
Singing as he skims the plain,
Or directs his flight above ;
Waking all the tuneful train,
To begin the sylvan strain,
Harmonizing every grove.

I love to hear, when mid-day heat
With listless languor fills the brain,
Deep in some shady, cool retreat,
The distant waterfall complain,
As it leaps the craggy mound,

Friendship.

Pouring down the rocky height,
 Foaming o'er the pebbled ground,
 Bidding echo swell the sound,
 While it sparkles on the sight.

But when with her, whose image dwells
 Within my glowing breast, I stray,
 The music more divinely swells,
 The lark more sweetly tunes his lay ;
 While beneath the shade we rove,
 Murmuring streamlets sooth the ear,
 Thro' the calm sequester'd grove,
 Echo whispers only love—
Cupids only, hover near.



FRIENDSHIP.

What power can prop a sinking soul,
 Oppress'd with woes and sick of grief,
 Bid the warm tear forbear to roll,
 Despair's heart-rending sigh control,
 And whisper sweet relief ?

Friendship ! sweet balm for sorrow's smart,
 In thee the soothing power is found,
 To heal the lacerated heart,
 Extract affliction's venom'd dart,
 And close the rankling wound.

Friendship

When pierc'd by grief's chill tempest through,
The tendril bends beneath its power,
Thou canst the broken plant renew :
Thy sacred tear, like heavenly dew,
Revives the drooping flower.

If Fortune frown—if Health depart,
Or death divide the tenderest tie,
Friendship can raise the sinking heart,
A glow of real joy impart,
And wipe the tearful eye.

If foes without attack our name,
Or foes within assault our peace,
Then Friendship's pure celestial flame,
Can soothe the mind—defend our fame,
And bid assailants cease.

If hopeless *Love* our bliss destroy,
And fill the breast with black despair,
All peace such sufferers can enjoy,
Is built by Friendship's kind employ,
Which lessens every care.

Come, then, sweet power, of source divine,
For ever glow within my breast ;
My earliest friend be ever mine,
One link our hearts in union join,
'To make each other blest.

The Tomb of Henry.

THE TOMB OF HENRY.

Where Hudson's murmuring billows
Kiss Jersey's verdant shore,
Beneath those spreading willows
Sleeps Henry of the moor.

The pride of all the plain
Was Anna's chosen swain :

But Anna weeps, for Henry sleeps
Beneath the weeping willow tree.

They loved with pure affection,
Their artless souls were true;
The promising connexion
Their friends with rapture view,
And name the morn of May
Their happy wedding day.

But Anna weeps, for Henry sleeps
Beneath the weeping willow tree.

They hail the rising Morrow,
Which dawns to see them blest ;
But ah ! ere eve, what sorrow
Fills Anna's lovely breast !
She sees the Hudson's wave
Become her Henry's grave ;
And Anna weeps, for Henry sleeps
Beneath the weeping willow tree.

The Tomb of Henry.

She tears her flowing tresses,
Invokes his parted breath,
And with her wild caresses
Invites him back from death;
But ah ! her lip's warm kiss
Imparts no glow to his !
And Anna weeps, for Henry sleeps
Beneath the weeping willow tree.

She sees beneath the willow
Her lover laid to rest,
The earth his nuptial pillow,
And not her virgin breast.
Around his verdant tomb
The early daisies bloom ;
There Anna weeps, there Henry sleeps
Beneath the weeping willow tree.



Edwin Delisle.

EDWIN DELISLE.

The battle was ended whose direful commotion
Gave tyrants the victims unclaim'd by the wave,
And the last ray of Phœbus illumin'd the ocean,
As it shot o'er the land of the ill-fated brave.
The western breeze wafted the ship o'er the main,
Far, far from their country and Liberty's smile ;
Each captive enshackled with tyranny's chain,
The noblest of whom was young Edwin Delisle.

Apart from his comrades, his manly breast bleeding
With anguish too piercing for nature to bear,
Distracted he view'd his dear country receding,
And bade it adieu in a tone of despair.
“ O region of happiness, freedom and peace !
Columbia, adieu ! not for Edwin you smile,
For soon with his sorrows existence must cease,
For rent is the heart of poor Edwin Delisle !

“ Eliza ! my angel ! fate dooms us to sever,
Tho' brought to the climate that fosters thy charms ;
In sight of my country, I lose it for ever,
In view of my love, I am torn from her arms !
Three times have the seasons their circle fulfill'd,
Since Edwin was blest with affection's sweet smile,
Since press'd to his bosom, Eliza he held,
As she sigh'd a farewell to her Edwin Delisle.

Edwin Delisle—Autumnal Reflectices.

“ Three years shall restore me, I cried, as we parted ;
The term has expired, and my eye caught the shore ;
Hope flatter'd, then left to despair, broken-hearted,
The wretch for whom freedom and joy are no more.
The shadows of eve shroud thy land from my view,
But ah ! there's another where joys ever smile !
God of mercy, forgive me !—Eliza, adieu !”
He plung'd—and the waves cover'd Edwin Delisle,



AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.

The season of flowers is fled,
The pride of the garden decay'd,
The sweets of the meadow are dead,
And the blushing parterre disarray'd.

The blossom-deck'd garb of sweet May,
Enamell'd with hues of delight,
Is exchang'd for a mantle less gay,
And spangled with colours less bright.

For sober Pomona has won
The frolicsome Flora's domains,
And the work the gay goddess begun,
The height of maturity gains.

Autumnal Reflections.

But though less delightful to view,
The charms of ripe autumn appear,
Than spring's richly varied hue,
That infantile age of the year :

Yet now, and now only, we prove
The uses by nature design'd ;
The seasons were sanction'd to move,
To please less than profit mankind.

Regret the lost beauties of May,
But the fruits of those beauties enjoy ;
The blushes that dawn with the day,
Noon's splendour will ever destroy.

How pleasing, how lovely appears
Sweet infancy, sportive and gay ;
Its prattle, its smiles, and its tears,
Like spring, or the dawning of day !

But manhood's the season design'd
For wisdom, for works, and for use ;
To ripen the fruits of the mind,
Which the seeds sown in childhood produce.

Then infancy's pleasures regret,
But the fruits of those pleasures enjoy ;
Does spring autumn's bounty beget ?
So the Man is begun in the Boy.

Definition of Beauty—imitated from the French.

ON BEAUTY.

First published in the "Complete Coiffeur."

Beauty, sweet mysterious power,
Secret spring of all that moves,
Goddess of the Paphian bower,
Mother of the infant loves ;

Which can make the wicked good,
Savage sentiments abolish,
Melt the hard, refine the rude,
Teach the clown a courtier's polish ;

Which can make the simple wise,
Or deprive the wise of reason ;
Bid the statesman sink or rise,
Urge to loyalty and treason :—

Now exciting modest fear,
Now with lawless rudeness firing ;
Prompting to be faithless here,
There with constancy inspiring.

'Tis the power that banes or blesses,
Where shall we its image find ?
'Tis the nymph whose eye expresses
Charms belonging to the mind.

Address to a Nosegay.

TO A NOSEGAY.

Little pledge of fond remembrance,
Though thy tints so quickly flee,
Still the lovely donor's semblance,
I can sweetly trace in thee.

Here the rose and lily twining,
Her enchanting face bespeak,
For the fairest hues, combining,
Bloom upon her lovely cheek.

In this blushing pink which deck'd her,
Glows an emblem of her lip,
Both distilling balmy nectar,
Both inviting mine to sip.

In this violet I discover
Her sweet eye's cerulean hue,
Like the brightest star above her,
Sparkling in ethereal blue.

When within my bounding bosom,
Marry plac'd ye, thus entwin'd,
Sweetly whispering, "do not loose 'em,"
Then what rapture fill'd my mind !

Address to a Nosegay—Female Ornaments, from the French.

But tyrannic Time is dooming
All your lovely tints to fade ;
When you are no longer blooming,
Can I longer trace the maid ?

Yes, when all your tints have faded,
Fragrance still you will retain ;
Though your beauties be degraded,
Charms internal will remain.

Such is Mary—youth is passing—
All her beauties must decay,
But her mind is still amassing
Charms to live an endless day.



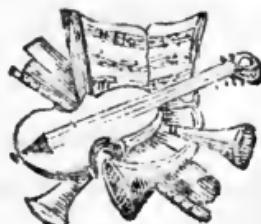
FEMALE ORNAMENTS.

First published in the "Complete Coiffeur."

All hues become a pretty face,
For beauty needs no foreign grace ;
A flower, or any thing, in truth,
Will ornament the brow of youth,
While sparkling gems may vainly shine
Where age and ugliness combine.
O, then, be wise, ye gentle fair,
And all the *ornaments* you wear,

From *Taste* instead of *Wealth* obtain,
 Nor longer court your glass in vain ;
 The Prize of Beauty (once decreed,
 To Paphian Venus, as we read)
 Was not awarded to the fair
 For any brilliants in her hair.
 No, 'twas her native charms acquired
 The *prize* her rivals so desired ;
 Her face, her neck, her bosom, waist,
 Her easy negligence and taste,
 Her attitude, her hair, her eyes—
 With these the goddess won the prize.
 O, then, ye fair, who seek to please,
 Cherish simplicity and ease ;
 With modest taste give no occasion
 To quote Apelles' observation.*
 Remember, that a grace denied,
 Was by a bauble ne'er supplied.

* An ignorant painter having decorated the portrait of Helen with trinkets, Apelles observed that the picture was "rich in ornament, but poor in beauty," and that the "artist had embellished her with *jewels*, because he had not abilities to paint her *beautiful*."



The Wreath of Love.

THE WREATH OF LOVE.

Let Fame her wreath for others twine,
The fragrant *Wreath of Love* be mine,
With balm-distilling blossoms wove ;
Let the shrill trumpet's hoarse alarms
Bid laurels grace the victor's arms,
Where Havoc's blood-stain'd banners move ;
Be mine to wake the softer notes
Where Acidalia's banner floats,
And wear the gentler *Wreath of Love*.

The balmy rose let stoics scorn,
Let squeamish mortals dread the thorn,
And fear the pleasing pain to prove ;
I'll fearless bind it to my heart,
While every pang its thorns impart,
The floweret's balsam shall remove ;
For, sweetened by the nectared kiss,
'Tis pain that gives a zest to bliss,
And freshens still the *Wreath of Love*.

Give me contentment, peace and health,
A moderate share of worldly wealth,
And friends such blessings to improve ;
A heart to give when Misery pleads,
To heal each rankling wound that bleeds,

The Wreath of Love—Nature and the Passions.

And every mental pain remove ;
 But with these give—else all deny—
 The fair for whom I breathe the sigh,
 And wedlock be a *Wreath of Love.*

Connubial bliss, unknown to strife,
 A faithful friend—a virtuous wife,
 Be mine for many years to prove :
 Our wishes one, within each breast
 The dove of peace shall make her nest,
 Nor ever from the ark remove ;
 Till call'd to Heav'n, through ages there
 Be ours the blissful lot to wear
 A never-fading *Wreath of Love.*



NATURE AND THE PASSIONS.

The stranger awoke, and with wonder survey'd
 The unexplor'd regions on which she was thrown ;
 Rude Chaos the scene—and the infantile maid
 Was Nature, just risen from sources unknown.

Her form, the fair abstract of Infinite thought,
 The unblemished model of harmony moved ;
 Her accents the spirit of melody taught,
 Her smile was celestial—and Heaven approved.

Nature and the Passions—an Allegory.

But scarce could the infant existence admire,
When hosts of rude demons encounter'd the child,
Revenge and rough Anger, with optics of fire,
And frenzy-struck Terror, shriek'd horribly wild.

Attended by Rapine, fell Murder appear'd,
Led onward by Avarice, Malice and Hate ;
Their snaky crests Envy and Jealousy rear'd,
As blood-stain'd Ambition tore laurels from fate.

This phalanx of fiends, with Despair in their train,
With scourges of scorpions the infant assail'd,
And pitiless heard the sweet stranger complain,
Deep deluged in sorrow which nothing avail'd.

Compassion beheld—and to regions above,
In the incense of sighs her petition convey'd ;
Infinity heard, and the answer was—Love,
Who came in the garb of an angel array'd.

Her presence made cruel Ambition depart,
Hate, Murder, and Rapine, the goddess confess'd ;
Her touch palsied Malice and blunted his dart,
And even lank Avarice opened his breast.

She spoke—and Revenge was subdued by the charm ;
She smiled—and the scene was deserted by Fear ;
She sighed—and pale Jealousy fled with alarm ;
She wept—and rough Anger dissolved in the tear.

On hearing a Discourse from the Rev. John Hargrove.

Her magic the vulture transform'd to the dove,
And Nature again was delighted and blest—
Thus each ruder passion is subject to Love,
The genius that tempers and governs the rest.



TO THE REV. J. H.

On hearing him preach on the Pleasures of Religion.

When o'er the sacred desk, with modest grace
And lowly meekness, bends thy reverend form,
While the great theme that animates thy face,
Bids every bosom glow with transport warm—

How could I listen to the heavenly theme,
Forget the pleasures that entice me here,
View human life a transitory dream,
And wish, with thee, to gain a higher sphere !

Go on, thou champion in the cause of truth,
Arm'd by thy Saviour, still the foe engage ;
Still charm from vice the steps of ardent youth,
And strew with rosy hopes the path of age.

To Miss H. with a volume of Montgomery's Poems.

TO MISS H****,

With a miniature volume of Montgomery's Poems, as published in 1807.

Accept, lovely maid, of this little bequest,
An advocate certain my suit to obtain ;
To the generous, feeling, susceptible breast,
The muse of MONTGOMERY pleads not in vain.

And when that sweet eye of cerulean hue,
Drops the warm tear of pity for virtue distress'd,
Then think of the donor, whose sympathy true,
The number thou shed'st will engrave on his breast..

While *Switzerland's Wanderer** draws on thy heart
For the tribute which sentiment e'er must bestow ;
Then think of thy friend, in a far distant part,
A *Wanderer*, press'd with his portion of wo.

And when o'er the *Grave* thou art bending with pain,
But a pain not unmixed with pensive delight,
Let one gem of pity be shed for the swain
Who is *buried* to pleasure, when banish'd thy sight.

* The words in *italics* are the titles of the several poems which this little volume contained.

To Miss H. with a volume of Montgomery's Poems.

While the tones of the *Lyre* brighten sadness to joy,
 And thou hear'st with fond rapture its solacing lays,
 Remember the youth whose delightful employ
 Is to sing to his *Lyre* while it warbles thy praise.

The *Remonstrance to Winter* is heard and obey'd,
 And Flora unfolds every beautiful hue ;
 But remember, tho' nature in spring is array'd,
 To me all is *Winter* while absent from you.

The *Fowler's* simplicity cannot but please,
 Religion has beauties that never can cloy ;
 While the sweet *Joy of Grief* enraptures with these,
 Think of him who has likewise perus'd them with joy.

Alexandria's fierce *Battle* admire, not approve,
 But haste from the scene to the *Pillow* for rest ;
 On the pinion of fancy then pensively rove,
 But let thy friend's image still dwell in thy breast.

View *Brown* with compassion, breathe pity's soft sigh,
 For sufferings unmerited, cruel, unjust ;
 But smile on the *Thunder-storm* rolling on high,
 'Tis the voice of thy God, but he wars not with dust.

Hail the brave *Volunteers* of fam'd Albion's isle,
 And cherish the patriot glow in thy breast ;
St. Mark's ancient *Vigil* a tear may beguile,
 Thy friend then remember, like Edwin distress'd.

Montgomery's Poems—Laura of Flatbush.

The *Field-flower* and *Snow-drop* have charms for thine
eye,

Sweet emblems of innocence, virtue and love—
But the *Common Lot* waits us—we live but to die ;
And die but to live in the mansions above.

Remember thy friend—is the donor's request,
And this Advocate proffers his suit to obtain ;
To the generous, feeling, susceptible breast,
The muse of Montgomery pleads not in vain.

FLATBUSH.

I came when the beauties of Summer were glowing
On the bosom of Nature, the fields and the groves,
When the balm-freighted zephyrs were pleasantly
blowing,
And the sweet woodland choristers warbled their
loves :

But when I beheld the angelic expression
That play'd o'er the visage of Laura. the while,
I said—for my bosom approved the confession—
'Tis here that pleased Nature has borrow'd her smile.

Miss Laura A******, of Flatbush, L. I.

And I came when the tempests of Winter were raging
O'er the frost-whiten'd meadows, and ravaged the
plains;

When the fields nor the woodlands were longer en-
gaging,

Nor the groves longer echo'd their choristers' strains.

And I sigh'd at the change, while in accents of sorrow,
I ask'd where the roses of Summer were fled;
Grief rais'd her moist eye, and then pointed to Laura—
Ah! cruel disease!—Laura's roses were dead!

How sadly expressive was each pallid feature!

How meek shone her eye 'neath a forehead of snow!

Like an angel appear'd the sweet suffering creature,
Just quitting, for heaven, the regions below.

And I thought, if some youth was but blest with her
favour,

How might he exclaim, in the accents of wo,
Take me with her to heaven, if nothing can save her,
Or stay, lovely angel! my heaven below!

The Meeting—or the Husband's Return.

THE MEETING.

I saw them meet—the pangs of absence o'er,
And MEMORY holds a picture of the place :
'Twas at the threshold of her cottage door,
ELIZA met her husband's warm embrace.

How animated shone her eager eye,
Where joy's delicious tear suspended hung !
Her bosom heav'd—but pleasure rais'd the sigh ;
Her voice was mute—but bliss had seal'd her tongue.

Press'd in his arms, the chaste connubial kiss,
Her nectar'd lips by turns received and gave ;
Then, as ashamed of the excessive bliss,
Her love-died blush she bids his bosom save.

But recollection whisper'd yet a joy
'Twas hers to give ; and from the trance she starts—
Puts in his arms their little infant boy,
Love's precious pledge, that closer binds their hearts.

While round their sire the elder prattlers cling ;
Beg for a kiss ; their little tales recite ;
Each emulous some trifling boon to bring,
And share their parents' unalloy'd delight.

The Meeting—Fashion.

Forgotten now is separation's smart,
 Or but remember'd as the zest of joy ;
 Her smiles are sunshine to his gladden'd heart,
 And love-created fears no more annoy.

So, wrapp'd in night, the lonely pilgrim views
 AURORA, blushing, throw her veil aside ;
 And, fill'd with joy, his lighted path pursues,
 Whence erst bewilder'd he had wander'd wide.

And is it joy that fills *my* eyes ? I cried—
 Ah, no !—regret, that such was not my lot ;
 But yet to envy 'twas so near allied,
 I blush'd—and sighing, left the happy spot.

FASHION.

To tyrant *Fashion* all must yield,
 He rules with sway despotic,
 And he who dares contest the field,
 Must be indeed Quixotic.
 But though, when he appears, we must,
 Like courteous slaves, receive him ;
 The wise will ne'er embrace him *first*,
 Nor be the *last* to leave him.

Love in Camp—or the Rat-tat-too.

LOVE IN CAMP.

Sounds of war were swelling wild,
Fearful notes the bugle blew ;
Infant Love, a timid child,
Trembled at the *rat-tat-too*.

But inspired by Valour's breath,
Love with war familiar grew,
Fearless view'd the strife of death,
Smiled to hear the *rat-tat-too*.

Swift a shaft at Valour's heart,
From the infant's bow-string flew ;
Valour heeded not the dart,
List'ning to the *rat-tat-too*.

Yet that dart was tipp'd with red,
Ella's heart-blood lent the hue ;
But in vain had Ella bled,
Valour loved the *rat-tat-too*.

Through the camp the infant stray'd,
Hope receding now from view ;
Secret griefs his sighs betray'd,
Mingling with the *rat-tat-too*.

Valour will not yield to Love,
Hope to Ella bids adieu ;
Sad, desponding, widow'd dove,
Listless to the *rat-tat-too*.

To Catharine—Yes, or No?

TO CATHARINE.

The groves their vernal sweets have lost,
No blossoms now perfume the gale,
The lawns are silver'd o'er with frost,
And autumn lingers in the vale.
But do the seasons, as they roll,
Affect the heart with joy and wo ?
Can autumn thus depress the soul ;
Or spring elate it ?—Yes, or no ?

The grove again shall yield its shade,
And vernal sweets perfume the gale,
The modest violet deck the glade,
And richest verdure clothe the vale.
But will the flower of hope survive,
And gain from spring a brighter glow ?
A smile, sweet maid, would bid it thrive,
Wilt thou bestow it ?—Yes, or no ?



A Kiss defined—Variety.

A KISS.

Does Eliza remember, ere fashion had taught her
To lend the heart's impulse hypocrisy's guise,
How oft, in our plays, to my bosom I caught her,
And wonder'd a touch could so brighten the eyes?

Familiar to me is the sweet recollection,
How the warmth of her lips taught my visage to glow,
While the flush that responsive illum'd her complexion,
Seem'd roses promiscuously scatter'd on snow.

And I ask'd, from what source sprang the feelings which
raptured,

And bade through my pulses such ecstacies roll,
The charm which reflection bewilder'd and captured—
A Kiss was the answer—it melted my soul.

VARIETY.

The noblest talent *Love* can claim,
Is never to appear the same ;
For 'tis *Variety* alone,
That props the urchin-tyrant's throne.
So do the seasons as they range,
Afford new pleasure when they change ;
The sweetest flower would cease to cheer,
Should fragrant spring bloom all the year.

The Journey of Love.

THE JOURNEY OF LOVE.

Now Anteros lend me thy gossamer pinion,
And teach me the speed of Armata's sweet dove,
I fly to the seat of thy blissful dominion,
For Catharine's breast is the mansion of love.

No longer shall Fortune be whelm'd with invective,
If my journey the goddess but bless with her smile;
I heed not its length, while I view in perspective
The sharer, rewarder, and end of my toil.

If love has its sorrows, yet, who would refuse 'em,
So sweeten'd with rapture, so mingled with joy?
What mortal the rose would discard from his bosom,
Lest the thorn which attends it should chance to
annoy?

Separation was such—but the wound it inflicted
Will soon be forgot in the glow of a kiss;
Though grief on the visage has oft been depicted,
The tear shall soon glisten a tribute of bliss.

Ah! still on my vision the object increases!
The cottage of peace and affection I spy!
Hope smiles, as my bosom, unconscious, releases
The murmur of wishes resped in a sigh.

The Journey of Love—Good Morning.

Now, now am I blest!—But, ah! language it fails me,
No pencil can paint love's ecstatic alarms:
'Tis she that approaches—'tis Catharine hails me,
She gazes! she smiles!—I am press'd in her arms!

GOOD MORNING.

The blushing precursor of Phœbus expands
The crystalline portals of light;
And scatters the dew-dripping tints from her hands,
To crimson the mantle of Night.
Sleep shakes his soft pinions and soars to the sky;
And with rapture I greet my dear Jane—
Whose health-flushing visage and soul-beaming eye,
Aurora but mimics in vain—
Good Morning.

Thy presence to me is the dawning of light,
And pleasure illumines my breast;
But, ah! in thy absence morn changes to night—
Hope sinks like the star of the west.
Then let us, my fair one, the moments improve
Which morning allows us for bliss,
Let the new-risen day be devoted to love,
And in earnest accept of a kiss—
Good Morning.

Good Morning—Giving and Receiving.

When evening returns, and in slumber I lie,
Then fancy the scene shall retrace ;
Shall light up anew the soft glance of thine eye,
And restore me thy blissful embrace.
And when through thy lattice Aurora's tints play,
O fly to the arms of thy swain,
With him taste the sweets of the infantile day,
And hear him repeat on the plain—

Good Morning.

GIVING AND RECEIVING.

The suppliant departed, while gratitude's tear
In his joy-beaming eye was suspended ;
My heart bounded light, for my Lydia was near,
Who thus the donation commended :

“ The bosom which softens at Misery's wound,
“ And proffers the balsam to heal him,
“ With the glow of contentment must joyfully bound—
“ And such is the breast of my Selim.”

“ But which,” I exclaim'd, as the fair one I press'd,
While her eye with affection was brighten'd,
“ Receiver or donor, which think you most blest ?
“ Whose joy by the action most heighten'd ?”

Giving and Receiving—Harriet's Favourite Poems.

"The being, she answer'd, you saved from despair,
"Who tastes, by the sudden reversion,
"Of exquisite bliss a proportionate share,
"To the depth of his recent immersion."

Her answer was sweeten'd with love's nectar'd kiss,
And my breast with the transport was heaving,
As I own'd, with a sigh, that though *giving* was bliss,
It was faint to the joy of *receiving*.

HARRIET'S FAVOURITE POEMS.

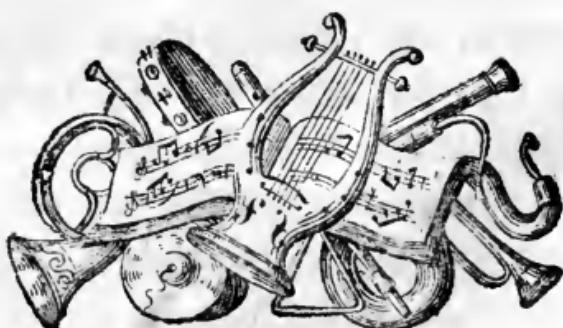
When I survey my Harriet's speaking face,
The smiles that light, the tears that fill her eyes,
The frown of anger, or the rose's grace,
I view the *Seasons* in succession rise.
When a glance of affection her optics impart,
The *Pleasures of Hope* are alive in my heart.

Lost in the theme, when bending o'er her lyre,
She wakes the tones which fascinate the soul,
I view the *Minstrel* that I most admire,
And list in rapture while her numbers roll.
When absent I yield to reflection's sweet power,
The *Pleasures of Memory* shorten the hour.

If she, with fondness, chide my ardent kiss,
 And, with a soft'ning smile, forbearance ask,
 Or bid me, with a frown, forego the bliss,
 I bow submission, but neglect the *Task*.
 For should she condemn me the bliss to forego,
 In the *Grave* would I seek for an end of my wo.

When Fancy through her own creation strays,
 To promised joy delighting still to cling,
 From her alone, my glowing bosom says,
 The *Pleasures of Imagination* spring.
 But when Curiosity rises to vex,
 Then *Paradise Lost* I impute to the sex.

I told her thus—when in her snowy arms,
 My yielding form the angel gently strain'd,
 And I, bewilder'd with a maze of charms,
 Sigh'd in her ear—'tis *Paradise Regain'd*!
 Retired from elysium the scene to retrace,
 My *Night Thoughts* re-pictured the tender embrace.



The Hartford Rose-bud—addressed to Miss M. S*****d.

THE ROSE-BUD.

On the banks of Connecticut's proud winding stream,
I pensively wander'd, a stranger, unknown ;
As the hill-tops around caught the sun's parting beam,
And eve's sable vest o'er the valleys was thrown.

A blushing young Rose-bud attracted mine eye,
Half opened, its bosom perfumed the soft air,
As it bow'd in response to the zephyr's sweet sigh,
And a new-fallen dew-drop was glittering there.

As I tasted its fragrance, I spoke to the flower,
“ O flourish, sweet bud ! in my bosom,” I cried ;
“ Thy beauties will solace life's turbulent hour,
“ Grief loses its gall, when to sweetness allied.”

I said, and had pluck'd it, to bloom in my breast,
That breast stung by anguish and torn by despair !
But my hand was restrain'd, and my bosom address'd—
My heart caught the whisper—“ O pilgrim, forbear !”

“ Taste, taste of its sweetness, but mar not the flower,
“ O stranger ! a wanderer still thou must roam ;—
“ Once torn from its stalk, it will bloom but an hour ;
“ Then leave it, O pilgrim ! 'twill flourish at home.

The Rose-bud—The Pilgrim.

“ But, ah ! if transplanted, a bosom of wo
 Will chill the fair bud, in a far-distant clime,
“ A soil deep envelop'd in winter's cold snow,
 Will cause the young stranger to droop in its prime.”

I obey'd—but my eye dropp'd a tear on the rose—
 That rose, lovely girl ! is an emblem of you ;
But driven from joys, I submit to my woes,
 And think of *your* name as I bid *them* adieu !

THE PILGRIM,

To his fair fellow-traveller from Brookfield to Hartford.

You saw, dear Mary, or you might have seen,
 How the poor steeds that whirl'd us down from B—
Were lash'd and urged along, with slackened rein,
 Or check'd and shorten'd when they ran too free.

So I, my girl, though (Heaven be praised) no horse,
 Am sometimes lash'd and sometimes curb'd by Fate;
Now hurried forward with resistless force,
 Now check'd, and forced against my will to wait.

The Pilgrim—addressed to Miss Mary H*****gh.

I fondly hoped to pass my days at home,
And only tread my native rural plains ;
But Fate forbade, and I am doom'd to roam,
Gall'd by her whip, and straightened with her reins.

I gain'd an inn, that promis'd food and rest,
For Joy and Peace were pictured on the sign ;
I saw the turtle settling in her nest,
And thought such happiness might soon be mine.

Vain, foolish thought ! for *crack* went madam's lash,
And I was driven from the loved abode ;
O'er bog and moor, through thick and thin to dash,
Without e'en hope to cheer me on the road.

And now, though fostered by your generous care,
Blest with your smiles, and friendship's tenderest tie,
Yet, Jehu-like, she drives me to despair—
Adieu, dear girl ! for I again must fly.



The Sigh—addressed to Miss M. H.

THE SIGH.

Softly stealing from her breast
 Ere its lovely keeper knew,
 Forth a sigh emerging flew :
 I received the trembling guest,
 Thrilling in my raptur'd ear,
 Sinking on my heart to rest,
 With ecstatic throbings dear.
 Ah ! dear Mary, luckless fair,
 You perceived its flight too late :
 Guard such telltale rogues with care ;
 For the tidings which they bear
 Cast the colour of our fate.

Think you what it told my heart ?
 'Twas the messenger of peace,
 Bidding every doubt to cease,
 Every sorrow to depart ;
 'Twas the olive-bearing dove.
 Guiding hope into the ark ;
 'Twas the harbinger of love.
 Flitting from that warm recess
 Where thy thoughts in secret dwell,
 What thy lips would ne'er confess,
 Though thy suppliant sure to bless,
 This sweet fugitive will tell.

The Sigh——To Mary.

Hark ! it whispers to my heart—
“ Hence, with every servile fear ;
Hope alone may revel here ;
Doubt and cold distrust, depart.
Her’s as it responsive heaves,
Shall confess the urchin’s dart
Rapture with the anguish leaves.”
Tell me not I dream of bliss,
If I do, still let me sleep,
Snatch me not from joy like this
The reality to miss ;—
Never wake a wretch to weep.

TO MARY,

*On hearing her sing the air, from Blue Beard, of
“ When pensive I thought on my love.”*

When torn from the arms of her swain,
In circles of splendour to move,
Sweet FATIMA thus would complain,
As pensive she thought on her love.

A palace for her had no charms,
Unshared by the youth she adored ;
But press’d in her lov’d SELIM’s arms,
A cottage true bliss could afford.

To Mary—The Reconciliation, a Rondeau.

Then should fickle Fortune ordain,
Your SELIM from hence to remove,
 Will you, while you warble that strain,
 Bestow a fond thought on your love?

Some seraph will waft me the sound,
 And whisper the joy to my heart;
 Though absence must cruelly wound,
 I'll listen, forgetting its smart.

Then grant that such joy I may find,
 Should fate ever tear me from thee;
 For me let the strain be design'd—
 Be *FATIMA* only to me.

THE RECONCILIATION.

And did I upbraid you my love?
 O pardon the fault I deplore,
 For while you thus sweetly reprove,
 I feel I can never doubt more.
 No—no—no—I shall never doubt you more.

I own I suspected your truth,
 And envied a rival's success;
 For jealousy pictured a youth
 Whom pity would prompt you to bless.
 Whom pity—pity—pity would prompt you to bless.

The Reconciliation—a Rondeau.

And did I upbraid you, my love?

O pardon the fault I deplore;
For while you thus sweetly reprove,
I feel I can never doubt more.

No—no—no—I shall never doubt you more.

My doubts I now give to the wind,

For Mary is constant as fair,
Though lately I thought her unkind,
And gave myself up to despair.

Despair—despair—despair—and gave myself up to
despair.

And did I upbraid you, my love?

O pardon the fault I deplore;
For while you thus sweetly reprove,
I feel I can never doubt more.

No—no—no—I shall never doubt you more.



NOTE.

Many of the foregoing pieces having appeared in different periodical publications, under the signature of SELIM, produced the following poetical Correspondence between the author and an anonymous female writer, assuming the name of ZORAYDA. The New-York Columbian was made the vehicle of this correspondence.

Zorayda to Selim.

TO SELIM.

ENCHANTING MINSTREL ! to whose lay
My pulses would responsive play
Till reason yield her genial sway
To fascination's power ;
I grieve that Fate should be so hard,
That Fortune shuns a modern bard,
Who vainly asks of Fame reward,
A laurel or a flower.

You wake your magic lyre in vain,
And fruitless bid its chords complain ;
All listen, all admire the strain,
And wonder whence it flows :
But were the world inform'd with truth,
Patrons would never raise the youth,
Envy would show his venom'd tooth,
And scorn increase his woes.

Such is a modern poet's fate,
Unless his sphere is with the great,
Where gold will give his genius weight,
And purchase smiles of Fame.
But, ah ! a bard, with soul of fire,
Tho' blest with Pope's or Milton's lyre,
If lowly born, must scarce aspire
To lisp her envied name.

Selim to Zorayda.

Then, SELIM, throw thy lyre away,
Nor deign to waste its dulcet lay,
On souls who cannot, while you play,
Appreciate the strain ;
Whose prejudice forbids to know
The sweets which in your numbers flow,
Inspiring joy, relieving wo,
And lessening every pain.

TO ZORAYDA.

Does SELIM wake his lyre in vain,
And fruitless breathe the pensive strain,
Because his brows no laurel gain,
And he obscurely sings ?
As well might fair Zorayda say
The sylvan fountains vainly play,
Where forests hide their darkened way,
And rocks conceal their springs.

But, lovely minstrel ! learn to know,
Their streamlets kiss the meads below,
Who drink, unconscious whence they flow,
And thence derive their smile ;

Selim to Zorayda.

So may his song, perhaps, impart
A glow of transport to the heart,
Bid rapture smile, or grief depart,
And he unknown the while.

DO SELIM's numbers flow in vain,
Because, as hundreds more complain,
FORTUNE will ne'er reward the strain,
Nor gild his vocal reed ?
Then, where Canary blooms in spring,
Her golden tenants vainly sing,
If hunger urge to spread the wing,
Or stoop to peck the seed.

But know, where'er the songster rove,
The strain he warbles through the grove,
Delights himself, or charms his love,
Whose charms the strain inspire :
So I the lingering hour beguile,
Lean o'er my harp, entranced the while,
And gain, from her I love, a smile,
Whose beauty tunes my lyré.

NO, SELIM does not sing in vain,
If fair ZORAYDA hear the strain,
And in her matchless numbers deign
To plead the poet's cause ;

Zorayda to Selim.

For others FATE may trophies pile,
 Serener joys are his the while ;
 He asks no fortune but her smile,
 No fame but her applause.

TO SELIM.

Go on, contented youth !—Zorayda err'd—
 Resume your lyre and charm the Paphian grove,
 Nor *beg* the boon, but *claim* your just reward,
 The admiration of the sex you love.

But if the happy fair who tunes your lyre,
 Reciprocate the flame her Selim sings,
 Let Love not always whisper from the wire,
 But loftier numbers animate the strings.

Your country's glory claims exalted praise,
 In years, an infant, but matured in fame ;
 Heroes are her's whose acts deserve your lays,
 Then gild your rising song with FREEDOM's name.

When foreign despots dare usurp the deep,
 And add new wrongs to insults unredress'd,
 With bolder hand, the chords indignant sweep,
 And vengeance wake in every Freeman's breast.

Zorayda to Selim.

And should our injuries at length demand
BELLONA's banner once again unfurl'd,
Then let the strain, which fires the patriot band,
Swell like our thunders which shall shake the world.

The sword of vengeance will not gleam in vain,
Nor vainly burst our cataracts of fire ;
FREEDOM shall ride triumphant o'er the main,
And Europe's pirates in dismay retire.

The dove of peace shall soon regain her nest,
And JOVE's blest bird the olive branch display ;
Then be the change in softer notes express'd
And LOVE again be warbled in your lay :

Soft as the zephyrs, when they fan the lake,
And dimpling smiles betray the ravish'd kiss,
In sweeter tones your numbers then may wake,
And every note breathe friendship, love and peace.

So I have seen the bolt of heaven hurl'd,
While, clothed in tempests, angry Nature frown'd ;
Anon her smiles were scatter'd o'er the world,
And sweeter wreaths her glowing temples bound.

Bright gems of silver glittered from the spray,
And deeper tints in every blossom glow'd ;
The woodland songsters caught a livelier lay,
And melody in richer streamlets flow'd.

Selim to Zorayda.

TO ZORAYDA.

Ah ! why, sweet minstrel ! why bid SELIM soar
 Beyond the limits of his humble sphere ?
 Why bid him ape the thunder's awful roar,
 And swell the train in madd'ning WAR's career ?

Forbear, dear girl ! to urge the strange request,
 He cannot rouse his milky heart to rage ;
 Then let him lull the timorous bird to rest,
 Or feel it dance with pleasure in its cage.

His gentle muse on Heliconia strays,
 Or gaily sports in sweet Pierian bowers ;
 And, when descending to inspire his lays,
 Her airy form is but the breath of flowers.

MINERVA's helm her brow could ne'er sustain,
 The sword of MARS her arm could never wield—
 He cannot woo her to a task so vain—
 She flies with terror the embattled field.

He once essay'd—but, like the Mantuan swain,
 APOLLO check'd his vain presumptuous pride,
 Forbade him to attempt the daring strain,
 Nor paint the scene where brave MONTGOMERY died.

Selim to Zorayda.

He blush'd, obey'd, nor more mistakes his powers ;
One wish alone his ardent soul employs—
In Beauty's smile to bask life's summer hours,
To feast on love, and banquet on its joys.

Life is a chase—the game, terrestrial bliss ;
If shadows please, why not a shade pursue ?
He tastes it in affection's nectar'd kiss,
His song affords it—if approv'd by you.

There is a magic harp, whose dulcet tones
ÆOLUS only has the skill to wake ;
Which breathes to Night its sweetly-sighing moans,
If no rude blast the soft enchantment break.

He came with fragrance on his lucid wings,
Paused as he pass'd, enraptured at the sight ;
Then fondly stoop'd and kiss'd the silken strings,
Which woke in ecstasy and breathed delight.

The playful god in transport bore away
The ravish'd sweets his lawless kisses stole ;
And distance heard the breezy notes decay,
In sighs, whose softness harmonized the soul.

But BOREAS came with rude disastrous breath,
And swept the tender strings with direful force ;
Harsh DISCORD waked, and, like the bird of death,
Shriek'd to the gale in accents loud and hoarse.

Zorayda to Selim.

Such is the lyre which SELIM, when a child,
 Received with rapture from the pensive muse ;
 Its whispers please him, though untaught and wild,
 But loftier tones the trembling chords refusc.

O then permit him still the gentler strain,
 In all its tender languishments, to wake ;
 For, if he rudely sweep the strings again,
 He fears, Zorayda, that his lyre will break.

ST. I.

TO SELIM.

Has Selim the soul which his numbers portray,
 And is it express'd in the glance of his eye ?
 Then would I for ever exist in the ray,
 While mine to his harp should respond with a sigh.

If his heart truly throb to the notes of his lyre,
 And is in his accents as sweetly express'd
 His voice must be music—must rapture inspire ;
 To quaff the rich melody is to be blest.

If his feelings are justly portray'd by his muse,
 And are in his visage correctly display'd,
 What fair but with rapture that visage reviews,
 Reflection's fair model, by beauty array'd ?

The Harbour of Happiness.

In short, if his mind is express'd in his lays,
So melting in sorrow, in rapture so warm,
And his form correspond—it were rashness to gaze,
The heart, unresisting, must yield to the charm.

But, ah ! if hypocrisy warble the strain,
And the soul have no part in its magical sweets,
O tell me—and then ape Apollo in vain,
But never emerge from thy secret retreats.

THE HARBOUR OF HAPPINESS.

Embark'd on the ocean of life,
I steer'd for the haven of bliss ;
But thro' passion's tempestuous strife,
My reckoning was ever A-MISS.

For Pleasure's enchanted domain
Allured me from Innocence's track ;
But her commerce, attended with pain,
Soon hove all my topsails aback.

On the waves of adversity toss'd,
And plung'd in the whirlpool of care,
The rudder of fortitude lost,
I struck on the rocks of despair.

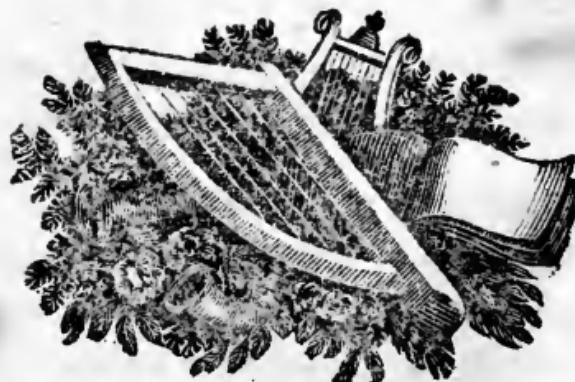
The Harbour of Happiness.

But afloat and refitted once more,
With the chart of experience to guide,
Hope points to the much-desired shore,
While her breath bids the tempest subside.

No breakers or quicksands I fear,
While honour stands firm at the *helm*;
By the compass of reason I'll steer
To joy's paradisical realm.

Stern Virtue the port may *blockade*,
Yet Hymen will sanction my right,
And his torch, Cupid's *pharos* shall aid
To moor in the stream of delight.

Then, then may the genius of love,
An eternal *embargo* declare,
I'll never *evade* it, by Jove!
Nor barter in *contraband ware*.



A Dream.

A DREAM.

O stay, sweet vision ! lovely phantom, stay !
And longer bless me with the mimic show ;
Ah ! fade not thus to empty air away,
And leave a wretch awake to real wo.

And did I dream ? Oh ! 'twas a dream so sweet,
So full of bliss, that heaven had lost its charms ;
And I embraced the dear delusive cheat,
Then woke, and found despair within my arms.

Joy's sparkling goblet seems to overflow,
Her banquet now with tempting sweets appears
But, ah ! I wake to quaff the cup of wo,
Drink deep of grief, and feast upon my tears.

Where now has fled the bliss I fancied mine ?
Where are the forms which tempted to deceive ?
Vanish'd in air ! but, ah ! have left behind
A wounded wretch, whom nothing can relieve.

Is life a dream ! then, messenger of peace,
Prepare thy bow, thy barbed dart I'll kiss ;
Dissolve the charm, O bid the vision cease,
And let me wake to everlasting bliss.

The Poplar.

THE POPLAR.

O green was the *Poplar* when, under its shade,
I exchanged the soft vow with the New-Haven maid !
But Winter soon blighted its sweet summer hue,
So hope faded when I bade Mary adieu !

“ Three years shall I wander before I return,
But still this fond bosom for Mary shall burn,
My heart, like the compass, is constant and true”—
She wept as I murmur’d, dear Mary, adieu !

But doom’d was my Mary another to bless,
And doom’d is her lover to pine in distress ;
Like the leaves of the *Poplar*, which tempests then strew,
My hopes were all scattered ; so, Mary, adieu !

The spring soon return’d, and the *Poplar* was drest ;
But peace had for ever forsaken my breast ;
From the music of Nature no comfort I drew,
For the birds and the streams murmur’d, Mary, adieu !

When, torn by my sorrows, I bow to my doom,
Will a tear from my Mary e’er fall on my tomb !
When the leaves on the *Poplar* are blasted and few,
They’ll sigh in the breeze, lovely Mary, adieu !

Time, the Physician of Disappointed Love.

TIME,

The Physician of Disappointed Love.

Venus in her car descended,
Drawn by little harmless doves,
Sportive graces round attended,
With a smiling band of loves.

Roses in a chaplet crown'd her,
And she chose her flowery seat
Where the songsters warbled round her—
Hudson's billows kiss'd her feet.

There I saw the queen of beauty,
Fondling Cupid in her arms,
And approach'd to pay my duty,
Ravish'd with her glowing charms.

“ Goddess, famed in ancient legends”—
I exclaim'd—in posture low—
“ Queen of love's celestial regions,
“ Welcome to the realms below !

“ I am told, the glance which captures,
“ Springs alone from power of thine ;
“ Give me, then, love's burning raptures,
“ Teach me love—and bliss is mine.”

Time, the Physician of disappointed Love.

Venus smil'd at my petition,
 Gave the urchin's dart a kiss,
 Who exclaim'd, " mama's permission
 " Gives you now the promised bliss.

" Here's the means, and skill'd to use 'em,
 " I but seldom miss the heart"—
 Then within my throbbing bosom
 Quick I felt the trembling dart.

How my glowing pulses bounded !
 Like our sirc, ere known to sin,
 'Twas elysium that surrounded,
 Joy and paradise within.

Hope, within her fragrant bowers,
 Led me with a smile more sweet
 Than the odoriferous flowers
 Gaily blooming round our feet.

" Yes," I cried, " I thank thee, Venus,
 " Hope and bliss will ne'er depart"—
 When a demon sprang between us,
 With a frown that froze the heart.

Hope beheld, and fled affrighted,
 While the fiend's disastrous breath
 Blasted all that had delighted,
 Flowers and choristers, in death.

Time, the Physician of disappointed Love.

'Twas the fiend of Disappointment—
How his touch my bosom chill'd,
Poison'd Hope's balsamic ointment,
And my wound with anguish fill'd.

" Queen of beauty, treacherous Venus,
" Save me from a fate like this ;
" Jove himself may judge between us,
" Pain is all thy promised bliss."

" Mortal ! ever discontented,
" Your unjust reproaches spare ;
" Is your wish so soon repented ?
" Well, again I grant your prayer.

" Yon decrepit sage will heal you,
" Whose approach appears so slow ;
" Let his icy fingers feel you,
" And you must forget your wo."

Time approach'd his aid to proffer,
But I shrunk from his relief ;
Hugg'd my pain—refused his offer,
For I found a joy in grief.

Lives there one, who loves sincerely,
Willing to forget the flame ?
No—'tis dissolution, nearly,
Nature will assert her claim.

My Mother's Grave—in Scituate, state of Massachusetts.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

*Written in a country Burial Place, in Scituate,
Massachusetts.*

Aurora paints the orient skies with light,
With rosy pencil tinges every cloud,
Unfolds her gates upon the rear of NIGHT,
And strips the mountains of his sable shroud.

The conscious stars conceal their twinkling fires,
Night's waning empress turns more sickly pale,
Her votary the whizzing bat retires,
The owl suspends her harsh complaining tale.

The lark awakes and tunes his matin song,
And all the sylvan warblers join the theme,
The whistling ploughman drives his team along,
And sporting swans sail stately down the stream.

Adieu, dull couch ! for nature more can please,
While o'er her rich enamel'd breast I stray,
Inhaling sweets which freight the balmy breeze,
Stolen in kisses from the lips of May.

The peach-bloom in the breathing zephyr plays,
And shakes soft odours from its silken leaves ;
The apple, too, a silver garb displays,
Whence morning's breath a rich perfume receives.

My Mother's Grave.

Here let me stray, adown this mossy ridge ;
Observe yon streamlet o'er the pebbles creep ;
Pass o'er its little rude-constructed bridge,
To where, in silence, all our fathers sleep.

O may I never pass this sacred spot,
Unmindful of the dust these walls enclose :
For here, partaking in the common lot,
A tender MOTHER's relics find repose !

Here various stones, on various models plann'd,
Discriminate between the rich and poor ;
Some richly sculptured, by an artist's hand,
Some rudely lettered, and adorn'd no more.

But filial love and sorrow soon discern
The humble slate they consecrated here ;
The drooping willow weeping o'er the urn,
The quoted motto, and the name most dear.

Yes, 'tis the same—beneath this turf'y heap
Lowly reclines the form which gave me birth ;
Those arms, the cradle of my earliest sleep,
Are nerveless now, and mingling with the earth.

Those lips, whose accents could my cares remove,
Are seal'd in silence, stiffen'd, cold, and dead !
Those eyes, which beam'd with fond maternal love,
Are closed in darkness, and their lustre fled !

My Mother's Grave

Oh ! dear departed, venerable shade !
If earthly objects can thy notice claim,
Accept the tribute filial love has paid,
The pearly gem that glitters on thy name.

Though five sad years their destin'd course have run,
Since death confin'd thy mortal body here,
Yet cannot thy poor, sorrowing, orphan son,
Review the spot unmoisten'd with a tear.

Hard fate forbade, when nature's tenderest ties
Were sever'd by the lingering stroke of death,
That filial love should close thy sunken eyes,
Or from thy lips to kiss the parting breath.

Forgive thy son, indulgent parent, this,
As he forgives the fate he could not move ;
Though oft in duty he has been remiss,
This last neglect was not from want of love.

For, weeks before, when wasting nature knew
The struggle fruitless for her forfeit breath,
Thy wish I heard, and with impatience flew
To kiss thy cheek before it sunk in death.

When faithful memory recalls with pain
This last sad duty which I paid to thee,
A final parting, ne'er to meet again,
Till from the world and its corruptions free—

My Mother's Grave.

I feel the son in all my moving soul ;
How truly so, these starting tears reveal :
The sacred drops shall meet with no control !
Affection's tear what son would e'er conceal ?

Then was the mother all alive in thee ;
What wholesome counsel from thy lips I drew—
Which in my breast shall ever treasured be—
The only legacy I had from you.

Since then, dear parent, Joy has seldom smiled
Upon thy son—severe has been his fate—
The world was new—an inexperienc'd child
Its friendship sought—but only gain'd its hate !

He hoped from FORTUNE but a cheering smile,
But like the world she frown'd upon his claim ;
He then pursued a fleeting shade a while—
But broke a bubble when he grasp'd at FAME !

His only respite, now, from mental pain,
Is o'er his native rural scenes to roam ;
A view of this sequestered spot to gain,
Or, when away, to think of thee and home !

The green turf swells above thy mouldering clay,
The moss has strew'd it with the softest felt ;
The violets here their loveliest hues display,
To deck the bed on which he oft has knelt.

My Mother's Grave.

This humble stone, which fond affection placed
To mark the spot, and to preserve thy name,
Though by a rude unletter'd artist traced,
On his regard has more than marble's claim:

Sacred to thee for ever may it stand;
Forbear, O TIME! the tablet to destroy,
Whose lay disarms the king of terror's hand—
"Death is the gate to everlasting joy."

This truth believ'd, no more shall baseless fear
Attend the word that speaks of leaving earth;
We seek for happiness—it dwells not here;
In Heaven alone are joys of lasting worth.

Here some repose who scarce received their birth,
Ere death consign'd them to the silent tomb;
Small, though sufficient, is their lot of earth—
The flowers, transplanted, will for ever bloom.

No age is free from DEATH's insatiate bow,
His shafts are levell'd, and his victims fall!
The rose of infancy, or four-score snow,
Alike avail not, he must conquer all.

Those rustic biers against the wall reclin'd,
The waiting bearers of the archer's prey,
Impress this serious truth upon the mind,
Existence is not certain for a day!

My Mother's Grave.

How oft this pious, all-important theme,
Hast thou impress'd upon thy list'ning boy,
My much-loved Mother!—but the playful dream
Of childhood, pictured only scenes of joy.

Then would we come, my little sisters too,
And one fond brother, through this yard to stray;
Our destined beds beneath the sod to view,
Survey these stones, and read the uncouth lay.

Then, as the shades of evening veil'd the plains,
Back to yon mansion* we would gaily stroll,
The humble benefice which still sustains
The careful guardian of the Christian soul.

Beneath that roof, I first inhaled the air,
Poor were my parents, hard they earn'd their bread,
Rich only in a reputation fair,
And own'd no mansion where to lay the head.

Along yon streamlet,† where the whisp'ring reeds
And fragrant flags upon its borders play,
Where through those cedars it meand'ring leads,
My infant footsteps first were taught to stray.

* The *Parsonage House*, of the North Parish of Scituate, about half a mile from the harbour.

† A well-known brook, leading from *Beaverdam Swamp* to the harbour.

My Mother's Grave.

And how a Mother's tender, anxious care,
Has oft depriv'd me of this little joy !
The last love-pledge of this connubial pair,
Their fears were ever wakeful for the boy.

The sylvan Muse entic'd me to her cell,
My childish fingers wanton'd o'er her lyre,
Bade the rude strain, untaught, to wildly swell,
While to the sound each throbbing pulse beat higher.

Then, as I grew, and learn'd to sweep the strings,
By art directed, though less sweetly wild,
I envied not the happiness of kings,
My lyre was bliss, and I a happy child.

But why recount the joys of childhood o'er ?
That happy state with all its joys has fled !
As fade the beauties of the tender flower,
When WINTER beats upon its drooping head.

But see ! the ocean sparkles on the sight,
What lovely hues upon its surface play ;
The liquid mirror streams with dazzling light,
Reflected from the rising god of day.

He comes ! and nature hails his gladd'ning beams,
New life pervades her animated part ;
Nor less improv'd the vegetable seems,
Its charms increase, and laugh at mimic art.

My Mother's Grave.

Not long ago, adown the western skies

He sunk, and left the mourning world in gloom ;
But only sunk at night, again to rise,
In tenfold splendour, from his watery tomb.

So, though we sink beneath the verdant sod,

And leave our friends in mournful weeds and tears ;
We only sink to rise and dwell with GOD,
An age unmeasured by successive years.

There, we shall meet, dear Mother ! yet again,

Thou art but gone before a little while ;

There, joy is endless, unalloy'd with pain,

There, an eternal round of summers smile.

Fly swift, ye winged hours, and be my lot

To count but few, ere death shall aim the dart ;
Then lowly let me rest beneath this spot,
And lose the anguish of an aching heart.

Short be my life, yet then, if sorrows count,

A lengthen'd age should clothe my head in snow ;
O could my virtues gain but their amount,
Perfection would have once been found below !

Adieu, dear spot ! necessity commands

The youth who loves you far from hence away !
But while a thought of home his breast expands,
Your dear remembrance never can decay !

A Monody on the Death of a Friend.

A MONODY

On the Death of a highly-esteemed Friend.

My lyre, which erst to Friendship tuned, I woke
In strains the sacred theme inspired,
While with its flame the glowing chords were fired,
Ah ! sad exchange ! the tie of friendship broke,
By death dissolved, must make its sadder theme !
While every falling note with wo shall teem !
To KIDDER's early fate the muse shall pay
Sincere affection's purest lay ;
The emanations of a grief-fraught soul,
The real feelings of an honest heart,
Unfeign'd, and unadorn'd by art,
Who all her paler hues from nature stole.

Ye youths, ye virgin train,
Whose eyes to his responsive smil'd,
When festive rites the hours beguil'd,
With me complain !

Me, whom the closer link of friendship join'd
To his expanded heart—where truth, combin'd
With every glowing grace, superior shone ;
With me commingle sympathetic tears,

A Monody on the Death of a Friend.

While faithful *Memory* shall own
His worth, his virtues, past !
She bids retrace the journey of his years,
Review the path, nor see a blemish cast.

Flush'd by the balmy spring of youth, he rose,
In life's parterre, a flower of fairest hue ;
Denied affection's fostering, pearly dew,
Parental sunshine—yet his tints disclose
Beauty internal—fragrance all his own ;
Benevolence conspicuous shone,
And nectar'd charity distill'd
In grateful odours !—who beheld him bloom
And yet their love withheld ?
Who, could they have foreseen his early doom,
But would have shed anticipated tears ;
Withheld the victim from the insatiate tomb,
If prayers could hold, for many, many years ?

But prayers, nor youth, nor virtue, nought avail
Against diseases, ministers of death !
The tyrant claims our forfeit breath,
And who his claim withstands ? entreaties fail !
One gift alone can make us scorn the foe,
Though not his shaft evade ;
The heavenly gift our Saviour brought below,
Religion, sweet, celestial maid !

A Monody on the Death of a Friend.

By thee sustain'd, the darken'd path grows bright,
And leads to realms of everlasting light !

Cease then, my tears, to flow,

Cease, sighs, to murmur wo,

This peerless guide my friend secured,
While he the ills of life endured ;

Cheer'd by a seraph's song,

The youth she led along

The gloomy path—its roughness fled,
And *Terror* hid his grisly head ;
The gate of Paradise display'd

Cherubs in robes of light array'd :

And songs re-echo'd through the empyreal dome,
As heav'nly minstrels hail'd him welcome home !

But selfish sorrow will intrude—

The loss is ours—and nature will be heard

Till sorrow is subdued

By cooler *reason's* unimpassion'd sway ;

The worth we lov'd, the virtues we revered,

We must lament when torn away.

So young, to fall ! but youth, as hoary age,

Finds no respect ! The infant dies

When scarcely entered on the stage ;

His part to ope, and then to close his eyes.

Some claim a longer scene, and bustle round
Their little walk, with rant and sound ;

A Monody on the Death of a Friend.

The curtain drops, and they are seen no more !

Few labour onward thro' the tedious play
Till life's allotted, farthest verge, is o'er,
Then fall like fruit when autumn melts away.
Thus is it ordered, *Order's* source to please ;
Who will impeach His infinite decrees !

Granted, 'tis just—yet sympathy must weep—

To see him hastening to the silent dead
Without a kindred tear of sorrow shed !

Nor bosom where to fall asleep !

Nor hand to close his eyes !

Strangers that mournful task perform'd !

Yet strangers here were friends—their tears, their sighs,
From bosoms flow'd by purest feelings warm'd.

Friends tied by nature could no more ;

Nor more sincerely such a loss deplore.

Might fond fraternal offices assuage

The pangs of sore disease ?—these too denied !

For ah ! a brother still of lesser age,

At distance languish'd, while his brother died !

No tender sister weeping o'er his bed !

No anxious father soothing with his love !

No mother ! God ! I touch a tender string !

My heart's acutest nerve—its vital thread,

Struck too unkindly, tears of crimson move,

And waken'd sorrow whets her blunted sting !

A Monody on the Death of a Friend.

O grant, ye powers that rule the lives of all,
If I am doom'd, like him I mourn, to fall—
Far from the bosom of my home,
Where fate may call, and I may roam—

O grant my wish—may hearts like those which bled
O'er Kidder's corse, mourn too for me ;
Such be the strangers round my bed ;
Such be the tears they shed ;
Whoe'er they be :
Such be the sacred care my ashes find
When death has clos'd the scene :
Such be the impression on the youthful mind,
When followers round my grave convene :
But more than all—like his, my spirit rise,
And with him reign in worlds beyond the skies.



On the Death of a beloved Infant.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Almighty God ! 'tis right, 'tis just,
That earthly frames should turn to dust ;
But, ah ! forgive the wishful tear
That would detain a *spirit* here.

Go, gentle babe, to realms of bliss,
The chast'ning rod we humbly kiss ;
Thy Saviour calls thee home, my son,
And let his holy will be done.

Thy earthly form, now icy cold,
Was framed in beauty's fairest mould ;
But now, prepared by love divine,
A fairer, brighter form is thine.

Thy *earthly parents* loved thee well—
So much, that language fails to tell ;
But, ah ! *our* love was weak and poor,
Thy *heavenly Parent* loves thee more.

Here, thou wert tenderly caress'd,
Upon a fond maternal breast ;
But angel-nurses, forms of love,
Shall now caress my babe above.

On the Death of a beloved Infant.

Fain would paternal love have taught
Thy little opening world of thought ;
But we the pleasing task resign
To heavenly schools, and books divine.

'Twas all our thoughts and wishes still
To guard our darling here from ill ;
But that great God who call'd thee home,
Has saved from greater ills to come.

Then let us hush the rising sigh,
And bid affliction's tear be dry ;
Our child still lives ! his sorrows o'er,
Where we shall meet to part no more.

There, shall the sweet maternal kiss,
Increase his joy—enhance his bliss ;
There, through redeeming love and grace,
The father shall his son embrace.

Almighty God ! 'tis right, 'tis just,
That earthly frames should turn to dust ;
But, O the sweet, transporting truth—
The soul shall bloom in endless youth.

On the Death of a Child.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

In life's parterre, what numerous germs disclose,
The loveliest tints, the sweetest blushing dies !
The enraptured florist views the opening rose,
Screens it from every ruder wind that blows,
And richer, future charms, in embryo espies.
But, ah ! the spoiler stalks abroad, whose breath
Is pestilence, whose chilling touch is death !
With merciless hand he crops the flower,
And all its promis'd beauty flies,
It falls beneath his baneful power,
Its sweets are scatter'd in an hour ;
It shrinks, it withers, droops, and dies.
Yet, mourn not, ye, whose fost'ring love and care
To culture a beloved plant has fail'd ;
'Tis but transplanted to a garden, where
Eternal summer smiles ; 'twill flourish there
In living hues, by spoilers unassail'd.



Lines on the Death of a favourite Kitten.

LINKS,

*Written at the request of a young lady, on the
Death of her favourite Kitten.*

[A JUVENILE PRODUCTION.]

Shall sculptur'd blocks and columns rise
In memory of the worthless great,
And nought but tears, regrets, and sighs,
Declare the humbler victim's fate?

Forbid it, Justice! while my muse
Will not deny her friendly aid;
To *Sylvia's* virtues, though abstruse,
Shall due respect and praise be paid.

How pure her life! without a blot
To stain her bright untarnish'd fame!
Though low, obscure, and mean, her lot,
Yet long shall live her humble name.

How oft her sportive tricks and plays
Have pleased, amused, and banish'd care!
How oft her little winning ways
Have gain'd caresses from the fair!

On the Death of a favourite Kitten—a juvenile production.

How rich and envied the reward
For all her little arts to please !
Her lovely mistress' kind regard
Tenfold repaid such toils as these.

Who would not envy her, so blest—
Accept her fate her bliss to gain ?
Kiss'd by those lips—press'd to that breast,
Which thousands sigh to touch in vain.

But, ah ! her sports and plays are done !
Those harmless pastimes all are fled !
The tricks which those caresses won
Amuse no more !—poor *Sylvia's* dead !



NOTE.

The patriotic Odes, Songs, and other OCCASIONAL pieces, which follow, were handed (en masse) to the publishers, with a discretionary privilege of selecting or suppressing. Fully aware that the theme of INDEPENDENCE had long since been exhausted by more celebrated bards, the publishers anticipated but little ORIGINALITY from so trite a subject. On inspection, however, they are convinced that it is their duty to incorporate these pieces with the present selection. What is wanting in originality of thought; is made up in energy of language and harmony of numbers. Many of them are JUVENILE productions, and most of them were written without study, on the spur of the occasion. Such as they first appeared, without revision, amendment, or alteration, they are now presented to the public, by

THE PUBLISHERS.

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

ODE,

*Sung at the Celebration of Independence, by the
Society of Juvenile Patriots.*

[AN EARLY JUVENILE PRODUCTION.]

When from our shores Bellona's car
Recoil'd amid dread scenes of war ;
The guardian Genius of our land
Gave listening freemen this command—
“ Revere fair Freedom's chosen Son,
Protect with life the prize he won.”

High on her right the Hero stood
Victorious from the fields of blood,
And pois'd to Heaven his reeking blade,
As witness to the vow he made :—
“ This arm, with Heaven for its shield,
Shall e'er protect the dear-bought field.”

The goddess heard the solemn vow,
And twin'd the laurel round his brow ;
While swell'd the anthem to his praise,
And spheres responsive caught the lays—
“ Revere the Hero, Washington,
For he your Independence won.”

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

Then, while we consecrate the day
Which gave our land its lawful sway,
Let all our bosoms glow with fires
Becoming sons of hero-sires ;
Swear ne'er to forfeit what they won
While earth revolves around the sun.

And while our goblets flow with wine,
While rich libations grace her shrine,
In clouds of incense to the skies
Let this inspiring theme arise—
“ The Youth of Freedom, e'er will be
Champions of sacred Liberty.”

While Mars' red banner floats unfurl'd
O'er the blood-delug'd eastern world,
Here, peace shall bless us with her reign,
While Virtue, Right, and Faith remain ;
And let mad Europe blush to see
That Peace can dwell with Liberty.

But if our foes should e'er conspire
To kindle Freedom's funeral pyre,
And slaves of tyrants join the band
To subjugate their native land,
Our Youth indignant shall arise
And save the dearly-purchas'd prize.

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

Our fathers fought, and scorn'd to yield,
But drove Oppression from the field,
Then gave this mandate, with the prize,
To unborn Patriots, yet to rise—
“ Protect the blessing we bestow,
And guard your rights from every foe.”

Then, Youthful Patriots, rise, and swear
To hold the glorious name you bear ;
Your dear-bought Freedom to maintain,
While Ocean, Earth, or Skies remain ;
And, like your fathers, still to be
Independent, Great, and Free.



ODE 2.

The Genius of Freedom, escap'd from the flood
Which had delug'd the world, and usurp'd her do-
minion,
On the glaciers of Switzerland tremblingly stood,
To Heaven she look'd and extended her pinion ;
When over the main
Was wasted this strain,
Which Echo, in raptures, repeated again—
“ The Sons of Columbia have sworn to be free,
And their arms shall maintain what their voices decree.”

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

She heard it, and Westward directed her flight,
Till our hills met her view in fair grandeur ascending,
When her temple's effulgence burst full on her sight,
And her sons were the rites of her worship attending.

Her altar was rear'd,

And while Freemen rever'd,

The anthem was struck, and this chorus she heard—
The Sons of Columbia have sworn to be free,
And their arms shall maintain what their voices decree.

Then, here let her temple for ever be found,
Ye priests who attend, guard the shrine from pollution;
In the midst be the statue of Washington crown'd
With the laurels he won in our grand revolution.

Swell the anthem again

To Liberty's reign,

And this be the chorus to finish the strain—
The Sons of Columbia have sworn to be free,
And their arms shall maintain what their voices decree.

On high soars our Eagle, begemm'd with the stars,
A dread to our foe, but a dove to our brother ;
One talon still clenching the thunder of Mars,
But the olive of peace is held forth in the other.

The world may unite,

With treble our might ;

We proffer them peace, but can meet them in fight—

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

For the Sons of Columbia have sworn to be free,
And their arms shall maintain what their voices decree.

Ye Heroes who once so impregnable stood
'Gainst Britain's whole prowess, and scorn'd to bend
under

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

Arise, injur'd freemen, again grasp the spear,
And hurl on aggressors the vengeance they merit,
The blessing preserve which you value so dear,
The blessing our Fathers have bid us inherit.

Indignant arise,

Britain's lion despise,

And swear by the Ruler of earth, sea, and skies,
That the Sons of Columbia will ever be free,
And their arms shall maintain what their voices decree.

ODE 3.

When the fiend of fell discord had delug'd in gore
The nations of Europe who bow'd to the demon,
And Oppression's black sceptre was held o'er the shore
Once charter'd by Heaven, the birth-right of freemen :
In a chariot of flame
Fair Liberty came,
And the armour of Pallas encircled the dame :
Attend to her call—" Sons of Freedom, arise,
Independence in thunder proclaim to the skies."

Inspired by the genius, our fathers unfurl'd
Her *star-spangled banner*, and own'd her dominion ;
Bade their cannon indignant proclaim to the world
Their oath to be freemen in act and opinion.

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

While her Eagle on high,
 Flashing fire from his eye,
Saw the olive disdain'd, and his thunders let fly.
Then the watchword was "*Freedom*"—Columbia arise,
Independence in thunder proclaim to the skies.

The foe in confusion recoil'd from our shore,
Where Tyranny's *Upas* in vain sought to flourish ;
But the soil he relinquish'd, enrich'd with his gore,
Shall for ages the fair Tree of Liberty nourish.
 Mid its branches above,
 In a union of love,
The Eagle shall nestle and sport with the dove,
While, from myriads of freemen, this chorus shall rise—
“ Independence is our's, we'll proclaim to the skies.”

But, hark ! what hoarse discord our senses assail !
Our bird grasps his thunders, extends his broad pinions,
And, perch'd mid the stars, he hears borne on the gale
 Ambition's proud threat to invade his dominions :
 But our heroes advance,
 And alert seize the lance,
To repel the encroachments of England or France.
“ Independence !—we'll never relinquish the prize,”
Let your cannon in thunder proclaim to the skies.

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

Rise, freemen, arise ! let this festival day,
Devoted to joy and refined recreation,
See millions stand ready, alert to obey,
Should Liberty call to repel an invasion.

Your weapons retain,
While the goblet you drain,
Your toast—"Death or Freedom"—and crown'd with
this strain :
"Independence!—we'll never relinquish the prize,"
Let the oath be in thunder proclaim'd to the skies.

ODE 4.

Come crowd around the festive board,
And join the song with one accord,
Be every breast with pleasure stored,
And care and envy send hence.
Our dear-bought freedom we will praise,
Dear-bought freedom—dear-bought freedom—
Our dear-bought freedom we will praise,
The right of our descendants ;
Our dear-bought freedom we will praise,
And every glowing heart shall raise
The chorus of our joyful lays,
Columbia's Independence.

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

Be party rancour banish'd hence,
For peace is virtue's recompence ;
Friendship and love on no pretence
Should ever meet with hinderance.

Let sons of Freedom e'er agree—
Sons of Freedom—sons of Freedom—
Let sons of Freedom e'er agree,

In amity's attendance ;
Let sons of Freedom e'er agree,
For why should men, existing free,
Deform, with Discord's stormy sea—

Columbia's Independence?

We here assemble to rejoice
That patriots, with united voice,
Once rose and made this manly choice,
For them and their descendants.

They Freedom's eagle raised on high—
Freedom's eagle—Freedom's eagle—
They Freedom's eagle raised on high,
Amid the stars' resplendence ;
They Freedom's eagle raised on high,
And swore to fight or bravely die,
If foreign despots dare deny
Columbia's Independence.

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

Bellona goads her foaming steeds,
Beneath her car Oppression bleeds,
And Tyranny with haste recedes,
With all his curst attendants ;
Our patriot fathers gain'd the day—
Patriot fathers—patriot fathers—
Our patriot fathers gain'd the day,
For them and their descendants ;
Our patriot fathers gain'd the day,
For which we raise the joyful lay,
And on our banners still display
Columbia's Independence.

Then Freedom bade her temple rise,
Whose fabric every foe defies,
While joyous seraphs from the skies
Bestow their glad attendance ;
And shades of martyrs smiling see—
Shades of martyrs—shades of martyrs—
And shades of martyrs smiling see
The joy of their descendants ;
And shades of martyrs smiling see
Their sons united, brave and free,
And yearly hail, with mirth and glee,
Columbia's Independence.

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

ODE 5.

Written for the celebration of a Society of Printers.

While around the festive board
The sons of Freedom throng,
And bid her praises rise,
In patriotic song ;
Ye brethren of our heaven-born art,
Unite to hail the day ;
Let joy expand each patriot heart,
Each tongue assist the lay.
Arise, 'tis Freedom's natal morn,
Ye sons of FAUST,* arise,
For ever swear to guard
The dearly purchas'd prize.

Mankind in darkness groped,
Their blind and erring way,
Deep veil'd in Gothic shades,
With scarce a glimpse of day,
'Till FAUST arose and bid our art
Illume their darken'd mind ;
Then Independence fired the heart,
Which knowledge had refined.

* Faust—the Inventor of the Art of Printing.

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

Arise, 'tis Freedom's natal morn,
Ye sons of FAUST, arise,
For ever swear to guard
The dearly-purchas'd prize.

But long they sought in vain
To win the heavenly prize ;
Oppression's lengthen'd reign
Their ardent wish denies.
Till o'er our hard-earn'd Western soil
He dared his sceptre wield ;
'Twas then our sires, with blood and toil,
Gain'd freedom and the field.

Arise, 'tis Freedom's natal morn,
Ye sons of FAUST, arise,
For ever swear to guard
The dearly-purchas'd prize.

Then smiling Peace was our's,
And every earthly bliss,
Till Europe's treacherous powers,
Betray'd us with a kiss.
But, like our fathers, now we'll rise,
Our birthrights to maintain—
Swear by the God of earth and skies,
No tyrant here shall reign.
Arise, 'tis Freedom's natal morn,
Ye sons of FAUST, arise, &c.

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

Then let the foe advance,
The press shall still inspire,
To wield the missive lance,
Or guide the vengeful fire ;
And here we swear, when Freedom calls,
We'll not refuse to die ;
The foe shall see beneath our *balls*,*
His *columns* fall in *pye*.
Arise, 'tis Freedom's natal morn,
Ye sons of FAUST, arise,
For ever swear to guard,
The dearly-purchas'd prize.

Long ere a foreign flag,
O'er tops Columbia's stripes,
We'll forge our *sticks* to arms,
To *balls* convert our *types*.
We'll never flinch, but give them *chase*,
Display our mystic STARS,
Our Eagle still shall hold his place,
And hurl the shafts of Mars.
Arise, 'tis Freedom's natal morn,
Ye sons of FAUST, arise,
For ever swear to guard
The dearly-purchas'd prize.

* The words in *italics* are *technical terms*, peculiar to the Art.

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

Who threats with foreign *rule*,
Our *shooting-sticks* defy ;
We'll have a *brush* with all,
Before we take the *lie*.

We'll hush the *English* lion's roar,
French cannon we'll *compose*,
The *form* of tyranny *beat o'er*,
And *hot-press* all our foes.

Arise, 'tis Freedom's natal morn,
Ye sons of FAUST, arise,
For ever swear to guard
The dearly-purchas'd prize.

Long may we keep the morn,
Which gave our nation birth,
And when, at length, our *works*
Are *finished* here on earth—
May we our Heavenly *Author* meet,
(Our earthly *forms* forsook)
And each become a *perfect sheet*
In His eternal *book*.

Till then, on Freedom's natal morn,
Let joyful pæans rise :
To-day for us was born,
The goddess of the skies.

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

ODE 6.

*Written for the celebration of Independence by the
New-York Typographical Society.*

From the crystalline courts of the temple of light,
The dove-eye of mercy to earth was directed,
Where mortals were grov'ling, deep-shrouded in night;
For passion was worshipp'd and wisdom rejected:
 Immersed in each ill
 Of corrupted free-will,
Yet, mercy was patient, and vengeance slept still:
For infinite Love had his banner unfurl'd,
And the precepts of wisdom were preach'd to the
world.

But haughty Ambition extended his reign,
And wielded the sceptre of magic delusion,
Held reason enshackled in tyranny's chain,
And govern'd by knowledge and learning's exclusion:
 With mitre and hood,
 Superstition and blood,
Corruption and vice deluged earth like a flood;
The blood-crimson'd banner of war was unfurl'd,
And knowledge and learning were swept from the
world.

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

Deep lock'd in the shrine of antiquity's lore,
The scriptures of light were withheld unexpounded,
A counterfeit Peter still guarded the door,
And the seekers of truth were by error confounded.

Omnipotence saw—

Bade delusion withdraw,
And ordain'd that *our ART* should promulgate his law.
Then Genius its fetters at Tyranny hurl'd,
And *Printing* appear'd to enlighten the world.

The blush of Aurora now lighted the East,
And banish'd the darkness of mystical terror:
Man sprang from the shrine where he'd worship'd the
beast,
While prejudice own'd and relinquish'd his error,
The truth was received,
Admired and believed,
And our's is the art which the blessing achieved:
For now was the banner of wisdom unfurl'd,
And *Printing* promulgated truth through the world.

The sage of Genoa, whose high-soaring soul,
By a flash from *our art*, glow'd with new inspiration;
In brilliant perspective saw glory's bright goal,
And enroll'd a new world on the page of creation.
With fame-swelling breast,
Still onward he press'd,

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

Till Eden's bright regions appear'd in the West,
Each clime saw the canvas of Europe unfurl'd,
While *Printing* taught commerce to polish the world.

But the sons of the West, to more glory were born;
And to us shall proud Europe the laurel surrender:
For though her's was the blushing effulgence of morn,
Yet our's is the noon of meridian splendour;
For Heaven decreed
That Columbia be freed,
And *Printing* and valour accomplish'd the deed.
The banner of war was by Justice unfurl'd,
And freedom by *Printing* proclaim'd to the world.

Our Standard the Eagle of Liberty bears,
His eyes, like the stars which surround him, re-
splendent;
While the olive asks peace, every arrow declares,
“Columbia for ever shall be Independent;”
For freedom is our's,
Nor shall Europe's mad powers
A feather e'er filch from our bird as he towers;
And while *Printing* its influence extends through
the world,
The banner of freedom shall never be furl'd.

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

ODE 7.

For the New-York Typographical Society.

When o'er proud Tiber's flood
Fair Science rear'd her dome,
And Greece had lent her arts
To gild imperial Rome,
Ambitious Genius aim'd her flight
To seek unknown renown,
But, veil'd in sable shades of night,
She sunk bewilder'd down ;
For fate to them denied the art
Which gives fair knowledge birth,
Refines the human heart,
And scatters bliss on earth.

No soft refinements graced
Or harmonized the mind,
For madd'ning war's career
Left calmer joys behind ;
The social ties which life endear
Their thoughts could ne'er engage ;
The sympathetic smile and tear
Were lost in battle's rage :
For fate to them denied the art
Which gives fair knowledge birth,
Refines the human heart,
And scatters bliss on earth.

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

Time told a thousand years
On his eventful page,
When *Faust*, at length, appears
To bless the happy age ;
His plastic hand lends Genius wings,
Bids Wisdom proudly soar,
And infant Learning joyful springs
With powers unknown before.
His was the Heaven-descended art
To give fair knowledge birth,
To mend the human heart,
And civilize the earth.

The sun of science rose
And chased the clouds of night ;
While wondering realms survey'd,
Astonish'd at the sight—
The social arts, in Wisdom's train,
With love and peace advance,
Teach man to feel his fellow's pain,
A brother's joy enhance.
Ours is the Heaven-descended art
To give fair knowledge birth,
To mend the human heart,
And civilize the earth.

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

Hail, art of arts ! all hail !
Thy praises mock the lyre ;
To reach the boundless theme,
Its tones in vain aspire ;
But grateful hearts, who feel the bliss
Thy magic power bestows,
Respond to every strain like this,
How dull soe'er it flows :
Our's is the Heaven-descended art
To give fair knowledge birth,
To mend the human heart,
And civilize the earth.



ODE 8.

For the New-York Typographical Society.

Awake the loud trumpet, 'tis Freedom invites,
Let heroes unite in the strain ;
The olive of PEACE with the laurel unites,
And music swells sweet o'er the plain.
Thy birth, Independence, by freemen be kept,
Till Tyranny's banner be furl'd,
Till despots have bled, where their victims have wept.
And Freedom has spread o'er the world.

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

When dark Superstition had fetter'd the mind,

And Reason in bondage was bound,

The goddess descended to ransom mankind,

And Genius arose from the ground.

The PRESS she establish'd, a pillar of fire,

(While Night's sable curtain was furl'd,) .

Its splendour bade mystic Delusion retire,

And PRINTING gave light to the world.

The daring Columbus his canvas unfurl'd,

A nation arose in the West,

The store-house of Europe, a mart for the world,

A home for the poor and oppress'd.

Here Freedom's bright temple effulgent shall shine,

Her flag o'er its turrets unfurl'd,

Our arms have twice saved it, 'twill never decline

While PRINTING gives light to the world.



Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

ODE 9.

For the New-York Typographical Society.

When, wrapp'd in folds of papal gloom,
Dark Superstition awed the world,
Consign'd fair Knowledge to the tomb,
And Error's sable flag unfurl'd ;
Earth heard this mandate from the skies—
“ Let there be light—great ART arise.”

Fair Science wiped her tears and smiled,
And infant Genius plumed his wing ;
The Arts assemble round the child,
And all this glowing chorus sing—
Rise, sun of science ! quick arise !
And lend thy light to darken'd eyes.

Our Art arose, and man had light,
The clouds of superstition fled,
The fiend of ignorance took his flight,
And Error hid his hateful head ;
Whilst swell'd this chorus to the skies—
“ Our Art shall live, and Freedom rise.”

The goddess, who for ages past,
Had wept beneath despotic night,
Her cankering fitters burst at last,
And claim'd the charter of her right ;

Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

While men and seraphs join'd this strain—
“ *Printing* shall live, and Freedom reign.”

Hail, Freedom ! hail, celestial guest !

O never from thy sons depart ;
Thine be the empire of the West,
Thy temple every freeman's heart ;
The *Art of Printing* gave thee birth,
And brightens still thy reign on earth.

Arise, ye favour'd sons of light,

Professors of our heaven-born *Art*—
And in the chorus all unite,
While joy expands each throbbing heart :
“ The *Art of Printing* shall endure,
And Independence be secure.”



Odes for the Celebration of American Independence.

ODE 10.

For the New-York Typographical Society.

Hail to the Art whose effulgence has brighten'd
The darkness that shrouded, for ages, the world ;
Long shall fair Freedom, by Printing enlighten'd,
Wave the bright banner her sons have unfurl'd.

Dark was the human mind,
And hood-wink'd Reason blind,
While Tyranny gave to his war-steeds the rein ;
Then Faust arose to bless,
And gave to man the press,
Free as the billows of Neptune's domain.

Then Liberty rous'd from the slumber of ages,
And taught a new nation to rise in the West ;
While History, smiling, unfolded her pages,
And show'd the bright name of Columbia impress'd.
Long fought her patriot band,
Blood flow'd around the land,
Till Liberty triumph'd o'er Tyranny's powers ;
The light which Printing shed,
Like Sol's effulgence spread,
And Glory, with bright Independence, was our's.

Ode for the Celebration of American Independence.

Beaming with splendour, from Liberty's altar,
Ascended the flame which our Art had kept bright,
When demons united again to assault her,
Demolish her shrine, and extinguish its light.

Hark ! trumpets sound alarms,
Drums, bugles, call to arms—
Arouse, freemen, rouse ! to the field like your sires !
Soon shall the foemen yield,
Or fly the embattled field,
For Liberty triumphs while Printing inspires.

Twice have our arms Independence protected,
And twice haughty Britain has yielded the fight ;
Long shall our valour and rights be respected,
Long shall the blaze of our glory be bright.

Then hail the heaven-born Art,
Which first improved the heart,
And ransom'd the mind from the thraldom of sense ;
Long shall Columbia bless
The free unshackled Press,
Liberty's *Aegis*, and Virtue's defence.



The Bugle—or Chandler's Surprise.

THE BUGLE.

Deep murmuring down the lonely dell,
The dull tattoo, with drowsy swell,
Had bid the march-worn soldier rest,
With armour buckled on his breast.

But, hark! what cry alarms?
The foe at hand!—to arms!
And, darting from the ground,
The slumbering veterans bound,

While the Bugle sounds the CHARGE, rousing echo with
the sound.

And now the cannon's sullen roar
Deep rolls along Ontario's shore,
While Freedom's sons *surprised* remain,
Their watchword stole—their pickets slain.

In vain their trump alarms,
In vain they cry, *to arms!*
The foe from ambush springs,
Their yell the welkin rings,

While the Bugle sounds RETREAT, adding speed to ter-
ror's wings.

Shall Freedom's veterans fly the field,
Her heroes shrink—her chieftains yield?
Say, where's the spirit of the brave
Who bled Columbia's rights to save?

Ode for the Presidential Inauguration, March 4, 1817.

It lives! it breathes! it warms!
Roused by the clash of arms,
Vengeance, with eye of flame,
Fires with a love of fame,

While the Bugle sounds the RALLY, until victory we
claim.



INAUGURATION ODE.

While the vassals of Tyranny rivet their chains

By birth-day effusions, and base adulation,

Let freemen express, in their holiday strains,

The voice of a people—the choice of a nation.

Let laureats sing for the birth of a king,

'Tis ours to rejoice for the first fruits of spring;

For still shall the Fourth Day of March ever yield

A harvest of glory in Liberty's field.

Encircled with glory, the Chieftain retires,

Who led us in safety thro' war's dread commotion;

While the spirit that rais'd him, another inspires,

To watch o'er our rights with equal devotion.

MONROE shall preside, his countrymen's pride,

The Soldier, the Statesman, the Patriot well tried;

And thus shall the Fourth Day of March ever yield

A harvest of glory in Liberty's field.

Ode for the Presidential Inauguration, 1817.

To *legitimate* tyrants no freeman shall bow—

To VIRTUE alone will we pay veneration :

The Chiefs of Columbia are call'd from the plough,

And retire from the chair to the same occupation.

Thus TOMPKINS arose, in the face of his foes,
For the path of a patriot the “*Farmer’s Boy*” chose ;
And thus shall the Fourth Day of March ever yield
A harvest of glory in Liberty’s field.

Then hail to the day that beholds us once more

Place the chaplet of power on the brow of true merit ;
’Tis the sacred insignia our WASHINGTON wore—

A legacy none but the good shall inherit ;

To the Patriot MONROE the tribute we owe,

Till the people reclaim it again to bestow ;

And the Fourth Day of March be again made to yield
A harvest of glory in Liberty’s field.

Let freemen unite on this festival day

To celebrate Liberty’s triumph in chorus ;

Awaken the trumpet—our banners display,

And hail the bright prospect that opens before us ;

In paeans of joy your voices employ,

For the Patriot MONROE, and our own ‘ FARMER’S BOY ; ’

And ne’er may the Fourth Day of March cease to yield

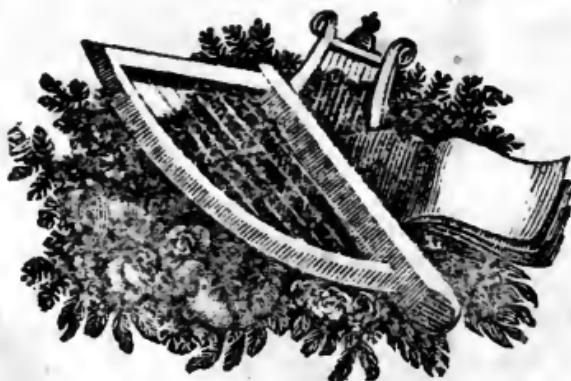
A harvest of glory in Liberty’s field.

Hibernia's Tears.

HIBERNIA'S TEARS.

Hibernia's tears for ever flow,
Her harp in silence slumbers ;
Her bards the patriot song forego,
Nor dare to breathe its numbers.
No more they bid the swelling tone
In Freedom's cause awaken ;
Those happy days of bliss are flown,
And Erin weeps forsaken !

But though her sons in exile roam,
They sleep on Freedom's pillow ;
And Erin's daughters find a home,
Beyond the western billow.
There shall they breathe the glowing strain,
To joy's ecstatic numbers ;
There Erin's harp shall wake again,
In rapture, from its slumbers.



The Exiled Harper.

THE EXILED HARPER.

“ Friendless exile ! old and hoary,
Banish sorrow and complaint,
Wake thy harp to Erin’s glory,
Sing the lay of Erin’s saint.”

’Twas Saint Patrick’s festal morning,
When I met the man of grief ;
On his cheek the tear was burning,
Wither’d was the shamrock’s leaf.

“ No ! (exclaim’d the aged stranger)
Erin’s glory is no more,
Hordes of bloody tyrants range her—
Freedom flies Hibernia’s shore.

“ Shackled with the yoke of Britain,
Doom’d to vassalage and chains,
Be her name nor sung nor written
Till oppression fly her plains.

“ Bright she shines in ancient legends,
When her sons awoke the lay,
Ere her peaceful verdant regions
Groan’d beneath ambition’s sway.

The Exiled Harper.

“ Ask me not to sing of glory ;
For, by all the griefs I bear,
By these scatter’d locks so hoary,
By our holy saint, I swear :

“ Erin’s harp shall ever slumber,
Never whisper through the vale,
Never breathe a tuneful number
Pregnant with dishonour’s tale.

“ Fallen are the chiefs of Erin,
Fallen in their country’s cause,
Green their tombs are now appearing,
There her weeping daughters pause.

“ When the night-blast scours the mountains,
When it murmurs through the groves,
Mournful, by the dusky fountains,
EMMET’s shade in sadness moves.

“ See, it points to curs’d oppression !
Hark ! its shrieks arrest the gale !
Hurl your thunders on aggression,
Bid our warriors fill the vale.

“ Veterans, rouse ! and save your nation !
Hark ! the trumpet calls to arms !”

“ Stranger ! calm this perturbation,
Here no martial trump alarms.”

The Exiled Harper.

In his eye, where fire was beaming,
Now appear'd the tear of grief—
“ No, he sighed, I was but dreaming,
Erin groans without relief.*

“ But I'll feed the fond reflection,
Days of other months review,
Call again to recollection
Dear companions whom I knew.

“ Now oppress'd by power and violence,
Not a harp-string breathes a tone,
Wrapt in sorrow, thought, and silence,
Erin's hapless minstrels moan.

“ Sing of Erin's glory ! madness !
Would our Saint accept the lay ?
No—devote to silent sadness
This our patron's festive day.”

* The author readily acknowledges that this trait in the picture was suggested by Montgomery's *Wanderer of Switzerland*. But he declines making any alteration.

The fair Irish Orphan.

THE IRISH ORPHAN.

A dialogue supposed to have taken place between a citizen of New-York, and a female Irish emigrant.

Citizen.

Irish maiden, whither fly you?

Whence the moisture on your cheek?
Danger here shall not come nigh you—
Tell me what, and whom, you seek.

Irish Girl.

Pity, sir, a hapless stranger,
Friendless on a foreign shore!
Much, alas! I fear of danger—
I'm from Erin just come o'er.

Citizen.

Where's your kindred, friend, protector?
Sure you ventured not alone?
Had you not some kind director?
Father, brother—have you none?

Irish Girl.

Yes, I have—I had a brother,
Once a widowed parent's stay;
Yes, alas! I had a mother—
Both by fate were snatch'd away!

The fair Irish Orphan.

Citizen.

Then, an orphan, unprotected,
 You have left your native isle,
To Columbia's shore directed,
 Where you meet no kindred smile?

Irish Girl.

No—a parent, and a brother,
 With me from oppression run;
Death deprived me of my mother—
 Cruel Britons *press'd* her son.

Under Freedom's banner sailing,
 Just in view of Freedom's shore,
Brightening prospects Hope was hailing,
 Whispering future bliss in store:

When we spied the flag of Briton,
 Where foreboding fancy read
Some impending evil written—
 How my bosom beat with dread!

First, a shot our course arrested,
 Then their slaves disgraced our deck,
Fathers from their children wrested!
 Son from parent's—sister's neck!

The fair Irish Orphan

Spare ! I cried, oh ! spare my brother !

Spare him for a parent's sake !

Save ! oh ! save him ! cried my mother,
Or his sister's heart will break !

Smiling pirates ! they but mock'd us !

Laugh'd at fond affection's grief !

And with brutal language shock'd us,
While we wept without relief !

But when from us they departed,
Shrieks of anguish pierced the air !

Then my mother, broken-hearted,
Fell, the victim of despair !

Pity, then, a hapless stranger,
Friendless on a foreign shore !

O protect a maid from danger,
Who for comfort looks no more !

Citizen.

Yes, fair daughter of oppression !
Exile from Hibernia's plains,
Victim of that curs'd aggression
Which the flag of freedom stains :

Here I swear to be thy brother ;
See a sister in my wife ;
Find a parent in my mother —
I'll protect thee with my life.

Victory No. 1—Constitution and Guerriere.

VICTORY No. 1.

CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

Hark ! 'twas the trumpet of victory sounded !
Welcome the strain to a freeman so dear ;
See, with a halo of glory surrounded,
HULL, our *first* hero, in triumph appear !
Vainly the foeman his prowess had vaunted,
'Proudly deriding our infantile fleet ;
HULL met the boaster with courage undaunted,
DACRES, as resolute, scorn'd to retreat.
Short was the dreadful fray,
On that eventful day,
Freedom's proud eagle still hovered on high ;
Bright gleam'd the crosslet too,
While fierce the volleys flew,
Shaking the ocean and rending the sky.

Short was the contest, but dreadful the slaughter,
Long shall Britannia lament for her tars ;
Death held his carnival on the deep water,
Scattered with carnage and fragments of spars.
Still, like a tempest, the bold Constitution
Deluged the foeman with ruin and blood ;
Whelm'd the proud *Warrior* in horrid confusion,
Till she lay, sparless, a log on the flood..

Naval Victory No. 1—Constitution and Guerriere.

Still she prolong'd the fray,
On that destructive day,
Still Freedom's banner was waving on high;
Low gleam'd the cross in view,
While fierce the volleys flew,
Shaking the ocean and rending the sky.

Short was the contest—the *Warrior* surrendered,
Covered with carnage and streaming with gore;
Tenderest aid to the wounded was rendered,
Foemen once vanquish'd are foemen no more.
Hail, then, the hero, who, covered with glory,
Humbled the pride of our arrogant foe;
Long may his name be emblazon'd in story,
Long may his laurels continue to grow.
Then shout aloud his name,
And loud the deed proclaim—
HULL taught Britannia's red cross to descend;
HULL led the glorious way,
HULL fought, and won the day—
Victory crowns him, and Freemen commend.

Victory No. 2—Wasp and Frolic.

VICTORY No. 2.

WASP AND FROLIC.

Awake the bugle's martial voice,
In loud triumphant strain ;
Columbia's sons again rejoice
For *Victory on the Main!*
Another chieftain of our choice—
The brave intrepid Jones,
Claims our lays,
To his praise,
We wake the clarion's tones.

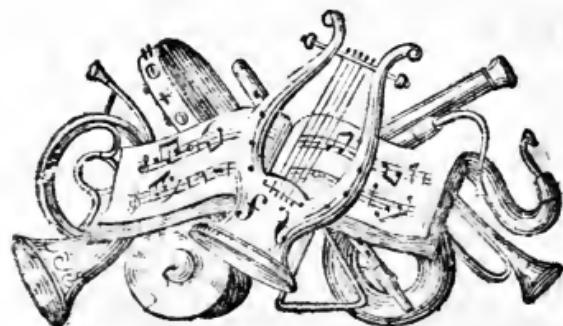
Indignant at the wrongs we bore,
From British pride and hate,
He, fearless, left Columbia's shore,
To try the battle's fate ;
And soon the cannon's mingled roar,
Announced the foe engaged—
Side by side,
On the tide,
The dreadful fight they waged.

The horrid din of battle swell'd,
As o'er the watery field,
An equal course the vessels held,
Resolving ne'er to yield.

Victory No. 2—Wasp and Frolic.

Attempts at *boarding* still repell'd,
And still the fire was pour'd ;
Bright it broke
Through the smoke,
While loud the cannons roar'd.

The vessels close—and, hark ! the crash
That rends their groaning planks ;
The foeman's fire has ceas'd to flash,
For death has thinn'd his ranks ;
And nought avail'd his valour rash,
He yields to gallant Jones—
To whose praise
Wake our lays,
In victory's richest tones.



Victory No. 3 - United States and Macedonian.

VICTORY No. 3.

UNITED STATES AND MACEDONIAN.

The banner of FREEDOM high floated unfurl'd,
While the silver-tipt surges in low homage curl'd,
Flashing bright round the bow of a ship under sail,
In fight, like the tempest—in speed, like the gale.

She bears our country's name,

She builds our country's fame,

The bold *United States*, despairs to yield or fly;
Her motto is “*Glory—we conquer or die.*”

All canvas expanded the gale to embrace,
The ship clear'd for action, still nearing the chase;
The foeman in view—every bosom beats high,
All eager for conquest, or ready to die.

Columbia's gallant tars,

Who sail beneath her stars,

Shall ne'er be known to yield—shall ne'er ignobly fly;

Their motto is “*Glory—we conquer or die.*”

Still rapidly lessens the distance between,
Till the gay-floating streamers of Britain are seen;
Till our quick-sighted chief could with rapture esp'y,
The cross, like a meteor, gleaming on high.

To gild our country's name,

To rival Hull in fame,

Victory No. 3—United States and Macedonian.

The brave Decatur now resolves the fight to try—
His motto is “ *Glory—we conquer or die.*”

Now Havoc stands ready with optics of flame,
And battle-hounds strain on the start for the game ;
The blood-demons rise on the surge for their prey,
While Pity, dejected, awaits the dread fray.

But Freedom’s gallant sons,
Now station’d at their guns,
Remember Freedom’s wrongs, and smother Pity’s sigh;
Their motto is “ *Glory—we conquer or die.*”

Now the lightning of battle gleams horribly red,
While a tempest of iron, and a hail-storm of lead,
Like a flood on the foe was so copiously pour’d,
That his mizen and topmasts soon went by the board.

Still fight Columbia’s tars,
Beneath the stripes and stars,
For still their country’s flag is proudly floating high—
Their motto is “ *Glory—we conquer or die.*”

The contest continued with horrible roar,
The demons of vengeance still feasting on gore ;
Till more than an hundred of Britain’s brave sons
Lay bleeding on deck by the side of their guns :

When low the cross descends,
And quick the battle ends,
The Macedonian yields, her streamers kiss the wave ;
Our motto is “ *Glory—we conquer to save.*”

Victory No. 4—Constitution and Java.

Let Britain no longer lay claim to the seas,
 For the trident of Neptune is our's, if we please ;
 While Hull, and Decatur, and Jones, are our boast,
 In vain their huge navy may threaten our coast.

They gild Columbia's name,
 They build Columbia's fame ;
 And to revenge our wrongs, to battle eager fly ;
 Their motto is "*Glory—we conquer or die.*"



VICTORY No. 4.

CONSTITUTION AND JAVA.

Yankee tars ! come, join the chorus,
 Shout aloud the patriot strain ;
 Freedom's flag, again victorious,
 Floats triumphant o'er the main.
 Hail the gallant Constitution,
 HULL immortalized her name,
 BAINBRIDGE, round it, in profusion,
 Pours the golden blaze of fame.

Scarce had Fame her Hull rewarded,
 Ere intrepid Bainbridge rose,
 Eager, while the world applauded,
 To subdue his country's foes.
 Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Victory No. 4—Constitution and Java.

Hull, on board the Constitution,
Sunk his foe beneath the flood ;
Fired with equal resolution,
Bainbridge sought the scene of blood.
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Lambert met him in the Java,
Fierce the hot contention rose—
Like the streams of Etna's lava,
Fell our vengeance on the foes.
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Neptune shunn'd the fierce commotion,
Saw his realm with carnage spread,
Saw our fire illume the ocean,
Cover'd with the floating dead.
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Twice had Time his glass inverted,
While the strife deform'd the flood,
Ere the fiend of death, diverted,
Ceased to glut on human blood.
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

See, our foe, upon the billow,
Floats a wreck without a spar—
Lowly lies on ocean's pillow,
Many a brave and gallant tar.
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Victory No. 4—Constitution and Java.

Hark ! his lee-gun speaks submission,
Bid our vengeful tars forbear—
Mercy views the foe's condition,
Sees a bleeding brother there.
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Man the boats !—the foe, confounded,
Yields to our superior fire ;
Board the prize ! relieve the wounded !
Ere in anguish they expire.
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Ah ! the fight was hard contested,
Groaning there, an hundred bleed,
Sixty-nine has death arrested,
From their floating prisons freed.
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Clear the wreck ! she cannot swim, boys ;
See ! she follows the Guerriere !
Now your cans fill to the brim, boys,
Sing our navy's bright career.
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Toast the heroes famed in story,
Hull, Decatur, Rodgers, Jones ;
Bainbridge, chief in naval glory,
Smiling Freedom joyful owns.

Victory No. 5—Hornet and Peacock.

Hail the gallant Constitution,
Hull immortalized her name ;
BAINBRIDGE, round it, in profusion,
Pours the golden blaze of fame.



VICTORY No. 5.

HORNET AND PEACOCK.

Rejoice! rejoice! Fredonia's sons rejoice !
And swell the loud trumpet in patriotic strain ;
Your choice, your choice, fair Freedom is your choice ;
Then celebrate her triumphs on the main.
For the trident of Neptune, long by Britain wielded,
At length to Fredonia reluctantly is yielded.
Then for Hull, Decatur, Jones,
And for Bainbridge, swell the tones,
While the ready hand of Fame
Bright emblazons every name—
Brave Lawrence, gallant Lawrence, now is shouted with
acclaim.
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, boys,
Free is our soil, and the ocean shall be free ;
Our tars, shall Mars, protect beneath our stars,
And Freedom's Eagle hover o'er the sea.

Victory No. 5—Hornet and Peacock.

Attend, attend, ye gallant tars, attend,
While your deeds are recounted in patriotic song;
Ascend, ascend, your banners high ascend,
And your cannon the loud chorus still prolong.
First, the bold Constitution led the path of glory,
The gallant little Wasp then added to the story;
Soon a brighter glory 'waits,
The renown'd United States—
For she gave Columbia's fleet,
A new frigate that she beat;
While the famed Constitution sunk another in the deep.
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, boys,
Free is our soil, and the ocean shall be free;
Our tars, shall Mars, protect beneath our stars,
And Freedom's Eagle hover o'er the sea.

Again, again, Columbia's flag again,
Triumphantly floats where Britannia's us'd to soar;
In vain the main has own'd the Peacock's reign,
Her gaudy rainbow-honours are no more!
For Lawrence taught the Hornet so fiercely to assail her,
That all her boasted prowess in fight could not avail her;
But she ended her career,
Like the Java and Guerriere,
For the Hornet's sting was ply'd,
Till the sea, with blushes died,
Its tyrant's fifth defeat in its bosom sought to hide.

Victory No. 5—Hornet and Peacock.

Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, boys,
 Free is our soil, and the ocean shall be free;
 Our tars, shall Mars, protect beneath our stars,
 And Freedom's Eagle hover o'er the sea.

Unite, unite, Columbia's sons, unite,
 And hurl on aggressors the tempest they provoke
 The fight is right, then raise your sabres bright,
 And Britons soon shall tremble at the stroke.
 The foe on our coast! put your mountain-oaks in motion,
 Fly to the main, for your wrongs were on the ocean;
 There, in a flood of fire,
 Every tar shall breathe his ire:
 His motto, while he fights,
 Be "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights,"
 Till even-handed Justice every injury requites.
 Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, boys,
 Free is our soil, and the ocean shall be free;
 Our tars, shall Mars, protect beneath our stars,
 And Freedom's Eagle hover o'er the sea.



Victory No. 6—Enterprise and Boxer.

VICTORY No. 6.

ENTERPRISE AND BOXER.

Thro' the gloom of despondence, bright glory appears,
And scatters again on the ocean its splendour ;
Hark ! Freedom's loud clarion proclaims to the spheres,
The names of more heroes who die to defend her.

On LAWRENCE's bier,

Yet glisten'd her tear,

When this full-sounding chorus saluted her ear :

No tyrant shall ever rule over that flood,

Which LAWRENCE and BURROWS have stain'd with
their blood.

Delighted, she listen'd, and learn'd from the strain
That her flag was victorious while Britain's de-
scended :

And though her tears fell for the fate of the slain,

She gloried in sons who so nobly defended :

Who in Liberty's cause,

With Heaven's applause,

Had died in defence of their country and laws.

Now vainly shall tyrants lay claim to that flood,

Which LAWRENCE and BURROWS have stain'd with
their blood.

Victory No. 6—Enterprise and Boxer.

Young BURROWS, unknown on the annals of Fame,
Arose and laid claim to a chaplet of laurel ;
Fought the *Boxer* enveloped in sulphur and flame,
Till the victory he gain'd, though he died in the
quarrel.

On VICTORY's breast,
The hero shall rest,

While his spirit aspires to the realms of the blest.
And ne'er shall a tyrant rule over that flood,
Which LAWRENCE and BURROWS have stain'd with
their blood.

Then fill up your goblets, bid sorrow adieu,
The heroes who fell are encircled with glory ;
While music inspires, let us toast the brave crew,
Who survive the hot contest, to tell us the story ;

The fight they'll ne'er shun,
For with gun match'd to gun,

In triumph we only count *six to their one*.

No tyrant shall ever rule over that flood,

Which LAWRENCE and BURROWS have stain'd with
their blood.

Victories No. 7 and No. 11 combined—Lakes Erie and Champlain.

VICTORIES No. 7 & 11.

PERRY AND MACDONOUGH—OR, ERIE AND CHAMPLAIN.

September 10, 1813, and September 11, 1814.

Hail to the day which arises in splendour,
Shedding the lustre of victory far !
Long shall its glory illumine September,
Which twice beheld freemen the victors in war.
Rous'd by the spirit of heaven-born Freedom,
Perry her lightning pours over the lake ;
His faulchion a meteor glitters to lead them,
And swift on the foemen in thunders they break.
Loud swells the cannon's roar,
Round Erie's sounding shore,
Answered in volleys by musketry's voice ;
Till Britain's cross descends,
And the haughty foe bends—
Victory ! Glory ! Columbians, rejoice !

Hail to the day which, in splendour returning,
Lights us to conquest and glory again ;
Time told a year—still the war-torch was burning,
And threw its red ray on the waves of Champlain ;
Rous'd by the spirit that conquer'd for Perry,
Dauntless Maedonough advanc'd to the fray ;
Instant the glory that brighten'd lake Erie,
Burst on Champlain with the splendour of day.

Victories No. 7 and No. 11 combined—Lakes Erie and Champlain.

Loud swells the cannon's roar
On Plattsburgh's bloody shore,
Britons retreat from the tempest of war;
Prevost deserts the field,
While the gallant ships yield—
Victory! Glory! Columbians, huzza!

Hail to the day which, recorded in story,
Lives the bright record of unfading fame;
Long shall Columbians, inspired by its glory,
Hail its returning with joyous acclaim.
Victory scatter'd profusely the laurel,
Over our heroes, on land and on flood;
Britain, astonish'd, relinquish'd the quarrel,
Peace saw her olive arise from the blood.
Now cannons cease to roar,
Round Freedom's peaceful shore,
Silent and hush'd is the war-bugle's voice;
Let festive joys increase
In the sunshine of peace,
Peace gain'd by victory! Freemen, rejoice!

Victory No. 8—Saratoga and Morgiana.

VICTORY No. 8.

SARATOGA AND MORGIANA.

Come, banish all your petty jars,
And shout your joy in loud huzzas,
In honour of Columbia's tars,
Whose valour ne'er shall fail her ;
Let echo answer to the strain,
And pass the tidings o'er the main,
That British pride,
Which we deride,
Again is humbled on the tide,
By Freedom's gallant sailor.

Once Saratoga swell'd the song,
As Britain will remember long,
Burgoyne, with seven thousand strong,
In fight could not avail her ;
Now Saratoga on the main,
Has shown that Britain's claim is vain,
To rule the sea,
By nature free—
'Tis what shall never, never be,
Says every Yankee sailor.

This Saratoga, you shall hear,
Was fitted out a privateer,

Victory No. 8—Saratoga and Morgiana.

And mann'd by tars unknown to fear,

From danger never paler ;

To die or conquer, all agreed ;

To nobly die,

But never fly,

While George's cross was waving high,

'Twas like a Yankee sailor.

They hoisted sail, and cruis'd afar,

To aid their country in the war,

And many a valiant British tar

Has reason to bewail her ;

They fought and captured all they met,

While Britons vainly fume and fret ;

Each gallant prize,

In safety lies,

While far to sea for more she flies,

To earich a Yankee sailor.

At length they spy a worthier mark,

To try their little gallant barque—

Behold, a ship of war ! and, hark !

They arrogantly hail her !

The Saratoga quick replies,

In language that astounds the skies ;

While Freedom's sons

Still serve their guns,

Victory No. 8 - Saratoga and Morgiana.

Till call'd "away," each boarder runs,
And each, a Yankee sailor.

The foe has eighteen guns, or more,
The Saratoga only four :
Away ! my lads, and board once more,
And fiercer still assail her.
Huzza, huzza, boys ! See, she strikes !
Now board your prize without your pikes,
And succour those,
No longer foes,
Whose gen'rous blood in duty flows,
And save a brother sailor.



New-Year Address to the Patrons of "The War."

NEW-YEAR ADDRESS,

*Written for the Carrier of a Weekly Paper entitled
THE WAR—JANUARY 1, 1813.*

Patrons ! scowling Winter wages
O'er our realms his stormy war ;
Back'd by Northern Powers, he rages,
Scattering tempests round his car.

None can stem his rude invasion,
All must to the Tyrant yield ;
Spring, alone, with soft persuasion,
Can compel him from the field.

Yet, amid the frowns of winter,
Beams one lucid ray of joy—
While it animates your Printer,
Bid it cheer the Printer's Boy.

He'll not boast of rigid duty,
Nor complain his task is hard,
While the smile of Wealth and Beauty
All his services reward.

'Tis the height of his ambition,
(Laudable in age or youth)
That he claims the great commission
Of a MESSENGER OF TRUTH.

New-Year Address to the Patrons of "The War."

Free from useless party squabbles,
Is the humble sheet he brings,
Unadorn'd by fiction's baubles,
Save when patriot Fancy sings.

CLIO, o'er the press presiding,
From her minute-book selects,
Truth from falsehood still dividing,
This she copies—that rejects.

Thus prepares a faithful history,
Perfect in each line and page,
Unobscured by doubt or mystery,
To inform a future age.

Thus, exempt from faction's demon,
He has yet another boast,
That he serves a race of Freemen,
With what Freemen value most.

Now accept his gratulations,
That the New-Year's glad return
Finds us still the first of nations,
Where the flame of freedom burns.

Health, the richest earthly blessing,
Wantons in the gelid gale ;
Plenty, every board is dressing ;
Genius and the Arts prevail.

New-Year Address to the Patrons of "The War."

PEACE, alone, on ruffled pinion,
Flies from Freedom's injured realm ;
WAR extends his rough dominion,
Vengeance nodding on his helm.

Harshly sounds the trumpet's clamour,
While our warriors leap to arms ;
Beauty shrinks in fearful tremour,
Snatching graces from alarms.

Harsh to us the martial clarion
Who with Peace and Freedom blest,
Bade the desert, drear and barren,
Smile a garden in the West.

Harsh to us, whose fair pretensions
Ne'er infringed a nation's right,
Who have tamely borne aggressions,
Rather than engage in fight.

But at length, indignant Justice,
Bares her sabre's spotless blade,
Swears by Him in whom our trust is,
Every wrong shall be repaid.

Now the horrid fray commences,
BELLA goads the steeds of war,
Death on every side dispenses,
Spreading ruin round her car.

New-Year Address to the Patrons of "The War."

Hark ! the tempest louder rages !
 See ! the Savage joins the strife,
 With a hellish yell engages,
 Arm'd with hatchet, fire, and knife !

Age, nor sex, is now respected,
 Infant, mother, hoary sire,
 By the ruthless knife dissected,
 Or in flaming cots, expire !

Can the foeman, famed for honour,
 Britain, famed for social arts,
 Can she brook this stain upon her,
 Deeds at which a freeman starts !

Form with tigers an alliance !
 League with prowling beasts of prey !
 Set religion at defiance !
 Fright humanity away !

Oh ! a day of retribution,
 Haughty Britain ! is at hand,
 When the amplest restitution,
 Freemen's thunder shall command.

Now, already, on that ocean
 She *would* rule with walls of oak,
 Where her murderers gain promotion,
 She has groan'd beneath our stroke.

New-Year Address to the Patrons of "The War."

There her haughty hopes are crumbled,
At our Eagle's flashing eye
George's cross is quickly humbled—
Not a streamer floats on high.

How they start, aghast with wonder,
That a rival dare advance,
Tempting Britain's awful thunder,
Which so oft has crippled France.

But at length they have discovered
We can surer vengeance urge,
Till their ships with carnage covered,
Float in wrecks upon the surge.

HULL advanced—illusion faded,
And the GUERRIERE, streaming blood,
Blushing for her flag degraded,
Shrunk beneath the crimson'd flood.

JONES, the next in naval story,
Eager in the brilliant course,
Pluck'd a sprig from British glory—
Conquer'd with inferior force.

Next, DECATUR—how the muses
Love to dwell upon his name !
Next, DECATUR nobly chooses
British arrogance to tame.

New-Year Address to the Patrons of "The War."

Once his sabre's blade reflected
 Lightnings from the Barbary shore ;
 More than once that blade directed
 Freedom's fire against the Moor.

Now a nobler contest offers,
 Brighter ardour fires his soul—
 He the dreadful meeting proffers,
 Where the western billows roll.

Short, but bloody, was the battle—
 Iron thunders shake the Main—
 Leaden hail-stones thickly rattle,
 Dimpling all the watery plain.

Soon the crippled foe surrenders ;
 Neptune sees the flag descend,
 And, amaz'd, his Trident tenders
 To DECATUR, Freedom's friend.

Now COLUMBIA's Eagle hovers
 Where Britannia's streamers play'd,
 There the patriot eye discovers
 British injuries repaid.

Entering now this great Emporium,
 Grateful to our gladden'd eyes,
 See, the British MACEDONIAN
 Enters here, DECATUR's prize !

New-Year Address to the Patrons of "The War."

PATRONS ! when the British Lion
Prowl'd the plains where Freedom smil'd,
'Twas a giant, cased in iron,
Struggling with a little child.

Even then, the cause of truth,
Innocence, and right, were won—
Now, in all the pride of youth,
Shall we now the contest shun ?

No ! the power of Britain ceases,
Base corruption blunts her sword,
Daily Freedom's power increases,
Sailors' rights shall be restored.

All the gloomy clouds that hover
O'er the cheerless Western plain,
Shall Atlantic billows cover,
Ocean wash out every stain.

Be our Navy once completed,
Mann'd by Freedom's gallant tars,
Foes will find their hopes defeated,
And respect Columbia's stars.

PATRONS ! may each earthly blessing,
Crown'd with honourable Peace—
Each enjoyment worth possessing,
Be your own till life shall cease.

A News-Carrier's New-Year Address, for 1816.

May no disappointing barrier
E'er your honest hopes oppose,
So sincerely prays your Carrier,
Such the grateful wish he owes.

A NEWS-CARRIER'S ADDRESS,

Presented to his Patrons on New-Year morning, 1816.

Dear patrons ! last night, as the ev'ning expired,
ONE-THOUSAND-EIGHT-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTEEN retired ;
A *New Year* succeeded, his banner unfurl'd,
And day-light beheld him encircle the world.

Now, sanction'd by custom, again we appear,
To wish our kind patrons a *Happy New Year* :
And beg—that our numbers with patience be heard,
A grateful effusion for favours conferred :

For, cheer'd by your patronage, bounty and smiles,
The vigilant Carrier is pleas'd in his toils ;
And cannot refrain, on each new-coming year,
To whisper his *wishes*—his thanks, in your ear.

It is usual, we know, for each *New-Year's Address*
That annually flows from a *Newspaper* press,
To furnish a *record* of incidents past,
And hail the *new* year with remarks on the *last*.

A News-Carrier's New-Year Address, for 1816.

But *custom* can never bind people of sense,
So, for once, if you please, we'll with this one dispense ;
While we point you to prospects which open in view,
And just hint at the past in a couplet or two.

When last we address'd you, the clamour of arms
Still spread round our borders incessant alarms ;
While the rough eastern breeze daily blew to our coast,
Additional aid to the red-coated host.

But armies, nor navies, nor engines of fate,
Could dampen our hopes, nor our courage abate ;
We rose as we felt every pressure increase,
Determined to conquer—an hon'able peace.

The blood of our forefathers cried from their graves—
“ We died for your freedom—Sons ! scorn to be slaves ! ”
“ The blessings we gave you, resolve to maintain—
“ A RIGHT once relinquish'd, you'll never regain.

“ What tho' you contend for your dearly-bought rights,
“ With tyrants and wretches whom carnage delights ;
“ Whose haughty ambition lays claim to the sea,
“ And wars but with those who have souls to be free :

“ What tho' some disasters have darkened the scene,
“ And demons of faction in council convene ;
“ Who openly threaten your cause to oppose,
“ Embarrass your rulers, and side with your foes :

A News-Carrier's New-Year Address, for 1816.

" Yet, who droops at misfortune—desponds at defeat,
" Or shrinks at disaster, though seven times beat,
" Whose ardour can falter, whose purpose can pause,
" Distrusts either Heaven, himself, or his cause.

" Your infantile NAVY, on ocean and lake,
" Has prompted your pæans of triumph to wake ;
" And the halo of glory which circles each head,
" Shall yet to the brows of your army be spread.

" To the field, then, with ardour—on Heaven rely,
" The tempest of war on invaders let fly ;
" The breasts of true freemen a rampart can form,
" That tyrants will find it destruction to storm."

We heard—and the plough in the furrow was staid,
Each art was relinquish'd for musket and spade ;
The pipe of the swain in the valley was still,
While the bugle rung loud from each fortified hill.

The cause of humanity, freedom and truth,
Enkindled a flame in the breast of each youth,
Which, fann'd by the air that our freemen respire,
Soon burst on the foe in a deluge of fire.

It kindles ! it spreads ! as approaches the storm—
And pulses long frigid beat rapid and warm ;
The dim eye of age former lustre resumes,
And snow-circled temples bear helmet and plumes.

A News-Carrier's New-Year Address, for 1816.

The ardour increases—bright flashes the fire,
Our foes, in amazement, behold it aspire ;
View armies assemble, inspir'd by its glow,
And *feel* the just vengeance it prompts to bestow.

They felt it at Chippewa, Bridgewater, York,
And at Plattsburgh received Yankee pay for their work,
Where untutor'd freemen forc'd veterans to yield,
Or shun their destruction by flying the field.

They felt it at Orleans, where Jackson's bright sword
Directed the deluge of death which we poured ;
The conquerors of France, by their rashness involv'd,
Saw the cataract burst, and their legions dissolv'd.

They felt it, whenever in contact we came,
With arms, ammunition, and numbers the same ;
And never have freemen deserted the plain,
Till *numbers* have rendered their bravery vain.

They felt it—and lo ! the delusion was gone,
Proud Britain relinquish'd her *Sine qua non* ;
Acknowleg'd our prowess—the contest gave o'er,
And the *olive* was twined with the *laurels* we wore.

The turban'd Barbarians next we chastise,
Astounding their *Dey*s and their *Knights* with surprise ;
Decatur, like Cæsar, makes summary work ;
To a broadside or two strikes the turbulent Turk.

A News-Carrier's New-Year Address, for 1816.

In battle-array, then, our squadron appears,
Under valiant Decatur, in front of Algiers ;
Who dictates a peace on his own quarter-deck,
Where the Dey has to sign it, or forfeit his neck.

Now Commerce revives, and her hundred wheels roll,
Our canvas is spread from equator to pole ;
Antipodes gaze on our banner unfurl'd,
For the course of our eagle shall girdle the world.

The genius of plenty her office resumes,
The treasures of India—Arabia's perfumes,
With each gem and each fruit that the world can produce.
Her horn pours around for our pleasure or use.

The boundaries of Neptune's tempestuous domain,
Our spirit of enterprise shall not restrain ;
Nor forests retard it, nor mountains affright,
For Hudson and Erie their waves shall unite.

The *Arts* shall increase and refinement extend,
New graces to beauty shall piety lend ;
The demon of selfishness shrink to his hole,
And the *form* of each action have *use* for its *soul*.

Here Freedom shall flourish, a star in the west ;
The dove and the eagle together shall rest ;
Fair Science, delighted, her portals unfold,
And Genius soar upward on pinions of gold.

A News-Carrier's New-Year Address, for 1816.

Though bloody AMBITION, with ENVY and HATE,
Have sunk hapless France to a vassalage state ;
The strand where she founder'd our policy shuns,
While we take to our bosom her emigrant sons.

The names of our heroes, recorded by Fame,
Shall glow in her tablets in letters of flame ;
And patriots, and sages, and bards yet unborn,
With splendour as brilliant the page shall adorn.

Our glory a lustre untarnish'd displays,
Yet soon it may dazzle with still brighter rays ;
Virtue, talents, and firmness, combin'd, may appear,
New-York may yet furnish our state charioteer.

Dear Patrons, this honest effusion excuse,
You well may be weary, for so is our muse ;
Then accept our best wishes, believe them sincere,
And long may we greet you with "*Happy New-Year.*"



A News-Carrier's Address, for January 1, 1811.

NEW-YEAR ADDRESS,

Written for the Carrier of the Columbian—1811.

Patrons, the moon, whose silver cresent dress'd
At ten last night, the star-bespangled west,
Has fifteen times her orbit's path-way run,
And travelled with us once around the sun,
Since first your Carrier, ardent in the toil,
Became a satellite of favour's smile,
And, with your evening mental banquet graced,
Has faithful still his humble orbit traced.
Blest with your bounty ere he well begun,
His daily curcuit he has cheerful run ;
Nor *changes* now, but to renew the year,
And meet the *sunshine* of your favour here.

Patrons, fair *Freedom* saw her children blest
With virtue, peace, security and rest ;
Her foes reduced in numbers, means and power,
While notes of pleasure vocalized her bower,
From *Plenty*'s horn rich fruits adorn'd her plain,
Where *Agriculture* led her smiling train ;
The *Arts*, supported by *Industry*'s hand,
Their various blessings scattered o'er the land ;
And daring *Commerce*, mid her injuries bold,
Reclined on *Luxury*'s lap, bedeck'd with gold.

A News-Carrier's Address, for January 1, 1811.

She saw, and smiled. But though her foe, subdued,
In adamantine fetters powerless stood,
Yet, as he breathed his mad envenomed ire,
While his fierce eye-balls shot malignant fire,
An “unclean spirit” on the vapour rode,
(As Satan rose from hell’s accurst abode)
Its form, disgusting to the loathing view,
The goddess saw, and *Faction’s* demon knew;
On his horn’d head a horrid helm he wore,
With dragon-crest, and ‘*Schism*’ stampt before,
Two writhing serpents his caduceus twined,
With forked tongues, and scaly trails behind;
His skinny pinions sable fibres framed,
And round his form a sulphurous vapour flamed.

The fiend advanced, conceal’d from mortal view,
Though *Freedom* saw, and well his errand knew;
Well knew his power, his will, and subtle wiles,
Might lure the unsuspecting to his toils;
And, with a sigh, beheld his venom’d breath
Taint her pure air with pestilence and death;
The baneful gas, unconsciously inspired,
Her sons with restless disaffection fired;
While through their ranks the spreading mania run,
.The goddess wept, and thought her cause undone.

At this dread crisis, pitying *Pallas* came,
To save the mourner, and protect her fame;

A News-Carrier's Address, for January 1, 1811.

A burnish'd mail and nodding plume she wore,
And “*The Columbian*” was the shield she bore ;
Form'd, like the fabled *Egis*, to oppose
And blunt the arrows of a host of foes.
Faction in vain opposed his threatening fate ;
The ransomed victims of the demon's hate,
Restored to reason, rallied round the shield,
And disaffection hastened from the field.

Patrons, excuse this allegoric strain,
Nor think your carrier arrogant or vain ;
Proud of his task, renewing with the year,
He knows the *subject* worthy of your ear ;
Else why encouraged by your liberal aid,
Or why the carrier by its patrons paid ?
The blooming plant your patronage sustains,
Must sure be worthy of his humble strains.

Since the “*Columbian*,” by your favour rear'd,
In *Freedom's* cause her champion first appeared,
What various dainties have its columns graced,
In rich profusion for the board of taste !
The hungry *quidnunc*, found the ready dish,
The *politician*, all his heart could wish ;
The *moralist*, supplied with counsel sage,
The *scholar*, treasures from the classic page ;

A News-Carrier's Address, for January 1, 1811.

Historians, faithful sketches of the times,
And *Virtuosi*, food from distant climes ;
Commerce and *Arts* obtain'd a journal here,
To mark their progress through the prosperous year ;
And *Agriculture* saw her labours crown'd,
Improved by hints which here a record found ;
Here *Humour*'s friends have seen the lash applied,
By *Satire*'s hand, to folly, vice and pride ;
The Muses' votaries, too, might here admire,
The tuneful warblings of a western lyre ;
And lovers read and bless the happy pair
In Hymen's list, and wish their signets there ;
While Fate's black catalogue this lesson taught,
That joy is transient—human pleasure short.

Patrons, permit your carrier here to name
The worthiest champions which the cause can claim,
Whose fertile genius has enrich'd our sheet,
In columns breathing patriotic heat ;
Whose fruitful talents you have most admired,
While with their glowing sentiments inspired.
First, manly *Stark* appeared upon the field
The teeming quill in Freedom's cause to wield ;
Whose patriot fervor swell'd the breathing page,
Commanding plaudits from the listening age.
Next in the list, ingenious *Rattle* rose,
To scourge apostates, and their crimes expose ;

A News-Carrier's Address, for January 1, 1811.

Whose humorous pen portrayed luxuriant thought,
Nor seem'd to scan the moral which it taught.

Franklin attended in the veteran train,
His thoughts the abstract of a patriot's brain ;
And *Bunkerhill*, whose fervid numbers swell'd
As when his thunders Freedom's foes repell'd ;
While ever and anon, each pause between,

The gentle *Laura* breathed a strain serene.

Cato, again, the worth of freedom showed ;

Timolien's thoughts in easy periods flowed ;

And *Juvenis* with serious *Mercer* join'd,

To paint the blackness of a traitor's mind.

Junius described corrupted Albion's state ;

Green bade us shun the Dane's unhappy fate ;

While junior Adams, with a critic's lore,

To shreds a pompous declamation tore.

Norfolciencis, next enrich'd the page,

With style unrivall'd, erudite and sage ;

And, in the life of British Windham, taught

To hate the wretch whom regal gold had bought.

Humanitus, in gentle pity's cause,

Condemn'd the errors of oppressive laws ;

And feeling *Howard* still the theme prolongs,

And ably paints the captive debtor's wrongs.

Gay *Rigmarole*, with humour, all his own,

With dexterous hand has satire's weapon thrown ;

A News-Carrier's Address, for January 1, 1811.

And while with justice all admire his art,
Law-makers wince, and tingle with the smart.
Philanthropus, to start a livelier game,
At modern female-fashion took his aim ;
While hundreds round him from their ambush spring,
As folly flies, to shoot her on the wing.
Meantime a *Hamlet* and a *Thespis'* wage
Unequal war with a degenerate stage ;
Endeavouring still to call true merit forth,
And place the chaplet on the brow of worth.
To these be added, not the least in fame,
Columns of treasure which the muse might name,
Pregnant with genius, energy and truth,
Of age the wisdom, and the fire of youth :
The muse of *Selim* was not wooed in vain ;
A lovely minstrel echoed back the strain,
Whose tuneful numbers melted on the ear.
And who, but wish'd *Zorayda's* lyre to hear ?
“ The Rallying Point” a fertile pen display'd,
With Wisdom's form in Humour's garb array'd,
And Hosack's garden oft has furnish'd, too,
Some fragrant flowers of no inferior hue.
“ *The Diarrhodon*” you have heard expose
The latent beauties of a modern *Rose*,
And smiled to see the lively writer roast
The doughty champion of the Morning Post.

A News-Carrier's Address, for January 1, 1811.

Through the *Columbian* you were first inform'd,
O'er bleeding Spain, what martial myriads swarm'd,
While Gallia's banner, bathed in human gore,
Floated unfurl'd along the sanguine shore.
How Wellington his thunders hurl'd on France,
Announcing still a retrograde advance ;
Till the poor Frenchmen, hemm'd by foes and bog,
Starved in their ranks for want of soup and frog;
How Bona changed the partner of his bed,
And with the sweetest flower of Austria wed ;
While his ex-empress, with submissive grace,
Retired to give the lovely stranger place.
How Francis Burdett braved despotic power,
While tyranny condemn'd him to the tower ;
How Cobbett's pen incensed the foes of truth,
Who fed the viper till they felt his tooth.
Indignant, here the tale you have perused
Of Freedom's flag a second time abused,
When the *Moselle*, beneath our eagle's eye,
Dared bid her thunders on the *Vixen* fly.

While the great combat of election reign'd,
The right of suffrage here you saw maintain'd ;
Till heaven-born truth, which vice in vain assails,
Bid *twice three thousand* freemen turn the scales.

Through the *Columbian*, too, you might admire,
What literary minds to fame aspire.

A News-Carrier's Address, for January 1, 1811.

What fruits of genius spring from Freedom's soil,
And what rewards attend their ardent toil.
Nor is our state, upon the list of fame,
In literature the least or humblest name.
Spafford pursues a bold and ardent course,
With pen and talents not suppass'd by Morse ;
M'Creery bids the harp of Erin breathe,
And round his temples binds the verdant wreath ;
And *Wood*, with philosophic reasoning shows
From what mysterious cause the ocean flows.
Immortal *Fraser's* wonder-working quill
Can every breast with admiration fill ;
With laurels crown'd, the sweet *dramatic* muse,
A second Shakspear in her *Minshul* views,
Whose lofty lyre, disdaining meaner notes,
Paints to the life a—"Bard in petticoats."
Searson and *Grotecloss*, with magic lays,
To rapture's tone the cords of feeling raise ;
Fair *Ripley* too, at sinners shakes the head,
Seizes her pen, and writes the rascals dead.

Invention's progress, too, has here been traced,
And all improvements that our clime have graced.
Ingenius Hall, with true mechanic lore,
Has taught an *augur* without hands to bore ;
While *Mornereck* the higher merit claims
To guard our roofs from desolating flames ;

A News-Carrier's Address, for January 1, 1811.

Harlan disdain'd the magnet's varying power,
And made the plane which marks the changing hour,
Its use supply—while the inventive *Day*
Bestow'd new powers on Winter's gliding sleigh.
But most might you admire the wonderous power,
That knits a pair of stockings in an hour ;
And shrewdly think, as you these wonders read,
That life will shortly no exertions need—
That some invention, o'er the whole to leap,
Will make us food, and feed us while we sleep.

Patrons, how anxious have you told the clock,
Waiting impatient for your carrier's knock !
Eager to seize this “ map of busy life,”
“ Its fluctuations,” harmonies, and strife ;
To sit at ease, surveying, as it turns
Beneath your view, “ the globe and its concerns ;”
Thus “ through the loop-holes of retreat” to scan
The busy scene and all the works of man.
The well-known-welcome signal sounds at last,
“ Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
Let down the curtains, wheel the sofa round,”
The sheet is open, and the column found :
“ The grand debate” now meets your eager eye,
“ The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,”
The agile parry and the dexterous hit ;

A News-Carrier's Address, for January 1, 1811.

The pestilence, which human science mocks,
“ Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths and marriages,” marine events,
Ships spoke, arrived, or just departing hence.
Soft eloquence here lubricates the page,
There “ cataracts of declamation” rage ;
While columns more the ins and outs expose,
“ With many descants on a nation’s woes.”
Nor stop you here, for next, before your eyes,
“ Forests of strange but gay confusion” rise :
Rare sales at *Auction*—*Fashions* just come o’er ;
Comoglio’s concert—*Waite’s true lucky store* ;
Cooke’s benefit—foot, horse, or water *race* ;
Warne’s Register—*Wet Nurses* out of place ;
Diseases cured—Houses to sell or let ;
“ Whereas a libel”—“ Ran away in debt ;”
Museums, sermons, celebration feasts,
Phantasmagories, strange and monstrous beasts.
In short one line the catalogue completes—
‘ Heaven earth and ocean, plundered of their sweets.’

With all these various dainties here display’d
Have you been furnish’d by your carrier’s aid ;
Besides a numerous catalogue of tales,
Home-manufactured, or received by mails ;
Of shipwrecks, murders, hurricanes and rains,
Of mountain-torrents deluging our plains ;

A News-Carrier's Address, for January 1, 1811.

Of men who brave eternity's dread brink,
And drinking die, and even when dying drink ;
And one, whom death had vanquish'd in the strife,
By drinking brandy soon restored to life ;
Of suicides, and accidents, and fires,
And all, in short, cur'osity requires.

Since such your carrier's service, sure he may
His patrons greet without offence to-day ;
May wish them every happiness on earth,
Obtain'd by wealth, or merited by worth.
He will not boast of toils he may sustain,
Through heat and cold, in tempests, snows, or rain ;
He will not plead his poverty, nor tell,
That, faithful to his trust, he served you well ;
But, while the sycophantic suppliant starves,
He, independent as the press he serves,
To facts self-evident directs your view,
And modestly refers the rest to you.



The First Lesson of Love—a Bagatelle.

FIRST LESSON OF LOVE.

In vain I breathed the tender sigh
At lovely Mary's feet ;
My soul, which glisten'd in my eye,
No kindred ray could meet.

With cold indifference she replied—
“ My heart you do not move ;
“ And I will never be a bride
“ Till I have learn'd to love.”

“ O then, (I cried) *my* pupil be,
“ Thy breast no longer steel ;
“ Sure, I can teach, sweet girl, to thee,
“ The lesson which *I feel* !”

“ No, Selim—you have tried it long,
“ And yet I don't improve ;
“ I'm dull—or you instruct me wrong—
“ I have not learn'd to love.”

I left her hopeless—but at eve
We met, when she exclaim'd—
“ Now, Selim—*now* my heart receive,
“ With love for *you* inflamed !”

Surprised, delighted, soon I guess'd
What thus the fair could move—
My hair had been by Huggins dress'd,
She saw—and learn'd to love.

The Second Lesson of Love—a Bagatelle.

SECOND LESSON OF LOVE.

OR THE

CHARM IRRESISTIBLE.

“ No, friendship, dear Julia, is all I can proffer,

“ My love is another’s, who loves me in turn ;

“ Accept my esteem—it is all I can offer,

“ The flame of affection for Mary must burn.

“ Then cease, lovely girl, to exhibit those graces,

“ Nor tempt me from constancy, honour and truth ;

“ For I never will yield to love’s hallowed embraces,

“ Till the arms of my Mary receive her fond youth.

“ I pity the sorrow that ‘waits thee at parting,

“ And which, for a season, may rob thee of rest ;

“ But time will soon sooth the sad heart I leave smarting,

“ And the sweet dove of peace shall revisit her nest.

“ You tell me my glances have nourish’d your passion,

“ And gilded with hope the sweet prospect of bliss ;

“ Dear artless enchantress ! untutor’d by fashion !

“ Your beauty demanded a homage like this.

“ Had I known you ere this *constant* heart was my Mary’s

“ It might have been Julia’s, and both have been blest ;

“ But now ’tis too late, for if ever it varies,

“ May my image for ever be banish’d her breast.”

The Second Lesson of Love—a Bagatelle.

'Twas thus to fair Julia I *modestly* pleaded,
Nor dared meet the glance of her love-beaming eye ;
Perplex'd by the subject, my tongue was impeded,
And I sat sunk in silence, till roused by her sigh.

Then our eyes met by instinct—but, ah ! the transgression
My Mary for ever is doom'd to deplore !
For, Oh ! such a sweet and bewitching expression,
Ne'er beam'd from the face of a mortal before.

I flew to her arms, with this fond exclamation,
“ Dear Julia ! I’m thine ! and we never will part !
“ But explain, my sweet angel ! this *new* fascination,
“ Say, whence this *new* charm that has vanquish’d my
heart ?”

She replied, with a smile that enraptured my bosom,
“ The charms which you *now* irresistible own,
“ Are the gift of DESBORUS, whose magic renews ‘em,
“ His art can create and preserve them alone.”

Protect, then, this artist, ye beaux, ‘tis your duty ;
Ye belles, let DESBORUS your patronage prove ;
’Tis his to new polish the armour of beauty,
The ringlets he weaves are the meshes of love.

The Third Lesson of Love—a Bagatelle.

THIRD LESSON OF LOVE ;
OR THE
WAY TO KEEP HIM.

Ye fair, who complain of neglect in your spouses,
And mourn the extinction of love in their hearts,
My recipe con—'tis the charm which arouses
The flame that may slumber, but seldom departs.

Eliza once shone the perfection of beauty,
The mirror of fashion, the phoenix of taste,
When Edwin, invited by love and by duty,
Pray'd Hymen to favour an ardour so chaste.

He loved her—but long ere he whisper'd his passion,
Affection for him taught Eliza to sigh ;
And arm'd with attractions by beauty and fashion,
Her conquest she read in the glance of his eye.

Their nuptials were sweeten'd with love's purest rapture :
But exquisite pleasure the soonest expires ;
Eliza forgot 'twas a trifle to *capture*,
Compared with the art which *retaining* requires.

The Third Lesson of Love—a Bagatelle.

Secure of her prize, she neglected to cherish
The charms which subdued him, and gilded his chain ;
And carelessly suffered attractions to perish,
The guard and the glory of beauty's domain.

The moments devoted to love and caresses,
Were gradually shorten'd—for Edwin would roam ;
To his heart with less ardour her bosom he presses—
His paradise seem'd any where but at home.

Astonish'd and grieved at this wane of attention,
With tears and intreaties she sought for the cause,
And task'd, but in vain, her once ready invention,
To find out the reason, if any there was.

Till prompted by pride, to awaken his passion,
She studied her once-boasted charms to improve,
Applied to *Desborus*, field-marshal of fashion,
And begg'd a supply of the weapons of love.

With a bow full of grace, and a smile that is nature's;
Desborus began all his genius to show,
When *heart-slayers, beau-killers, annihilators*,*
Waved lightly around her smooth forehead of snow.

* Different description of ringlets, so called.

The Third Lesson of Love—a Bagatelle.

As clouds round the sun in bright glory descending,
 Diffuse the rich radiance in rose-coloured streaks ;
 So each curl (while her eyes their *new* lustre were
 lending)
 Reflected the blushes of light on her cheeks.

And her portals of breath, with their pearls studded
 round,
 Lately dim from neglect, now new polish'd were
 seen ;
 And oft as they oped to her voice's sweet sound,
 A thousand young cupids were peeping between.

Hymen's lamp was rekindled, her Edwin grew kind,
 More constancy never was shown by the dove ;
 At the conjugal chain he no longer repined,
 Since HUGGINS entwined it with garlands of love,



Cupid's Lamentation—a Bagatelle.

CUPID'S LAMENTATION,

OR THE

PUFF ALLEGORICAL.

On the banks of the Hudson, enamell'd with flowers;
Fair Venus reclined in a myrtle alcove ;
Her doves were unyoked, and the wild-woven bowers
Were vocal with strains to the goddess of love :

When soaring on high o'er the city's gay throng,
Her son met her view, who approach'd her retreat ;
On gossamer pinion he floated along,
And alighted mid roses that bloom'd at her feet.

“ O Cupid ! (she cried) what occasions this grief ?
“ And where is thy quiver, thy bow, and thy darts ? ”
“ All gone, dear mama ! O a sad wicked thief
“ Has ruin'd thy son ”—sobb'd the ruler of hearts.

“ I left you, but lately, to sport in the town,
“ Where, mother, you promised me plenty of game ;
“ But though many I started, not one I run down,
“ And Hymen, for me, may extinguish his flame.

“ I peep'd in a shop, where a form met my view
“ Whose beauty surpass'd that of mortals by far ;
“ So lovely, so fair, that I thought it was you,
“ And entered to kiss and salute my mama.

Cupid's Lamentation—a Bagatelle.

“ But an impudent mortal, who played with her hair,
“ Which wanton'd in ringlets on forehead of snow ;
“ One lovely lock opened, and slyly hid there
“ My ruby-tipp'd arrows and dear little bow.

“ In vain I implored—he saw my tears flow,
“ And tauntingly told me my prowess was o'er,
“ When who should appear, but a gay little beau,
“ Whom often in vain I had shot at before.

“ The moment his eye met a glance of the fair,
“ His bosom beat quickly with rapturous bound,
“ When one of my arrows flew swift from her hair,
“ And entered that breast which I never could wound.

“ Thus, thus, my dear mother, we both are undone,
“ For mortals no more will solicit our care ;
“ This thief gives each ringlet the power of your son,
“ And his art makes a Venus of each earthly fair.”

“ Where lives the usurper ?” with anger she cried,
“ Who dares on a *mortal* my beauties display ?”
“ In yonder great city”—the urchin replied—
“ His name they call Huggins, he lives in Broadway.”

The Old Maid's Complaint—a Bagatelle.

THE OLD MAID'S COMPLAINT,

OR THE

PUFF POSITIVE.

I've seen the blushing garden drest
In all the boasted pride of art ;
With nature's gayest beauties blest,
Combined to captivate the heart.

I've seen the florist's skill employ'd
The *chosen favourite* plants to rear,
Screen their sweet forms, when storms annoy'd,
And guard them from each danger near.

And I have seen a *lonely* flower,
Neglected by the florist's care,
Exposed to all the blasting power
Of tempests, frosts, and wintry air.

Such is *our lot*—condemn'd to prove
The worst malignity of fate,
Estranged from the delights of love,
Exposed to ridicule and hate.

The Whiskers—first published in the Complete Coiffeur.

But, ah ! in vain we still assign,
To Heaven or Fate, the cruel cause ;
It springs not from the will divine,
And chance denies it in her laws.

When first *we* bloom'd, no magic art
The charms which nature gave improved :
But now Desborus can impart
Charms so bewitching, all are loved.

THE WHISKERS.

A TALE.

The kings, who rule mankind with haughty sway,
The prouder Pope whom even kings obey—
Love, at whose shrine both popes and monarchs fall,
And e'en self-interest, that controls them all—
Possess a petty power, when all combined,
Compared with Fashion's influence on mankind ;
For Love itself will oft to Fashion bow,
The following story will convince you how :

A Petit Maitre wooed a fair,
Of virtue, wealth, and graces rare ;
But vainly had preferr'd his claim,
The maiden own'd no answering flame ;

The Whiskers—a Tale.

At length, by doubt and anguish torn,
Suspense, too painful to be borne,
Low at her feet he humbly kneel'd,
And thus his ardent flame reveal'd :

“ Pity my grief, angelic fair,
Behold my anguish and despair ;
For you this heart must ever burn—
O bless me with a kind return ;
My love no language can express,
Reward it then with happiness ;
Nothing on earth but you I prize,
All else is trifling in my eyes ;
And cheerfully would I resign
The wealth of worlds, to call you mine.
But, if another gain your hand,
Far distant from my native land,
Far hence, from you and hope, I'll fly,
And in some foreign region die.”

The virgin heard, and thus replied :
“ If my consent to be your bride,
Will make you happy, then be blest,
But grant me first one small request ;
A sacrifice I must demand,
And in return will give my hand.”

“ A sacrifice ! O speak its name,
For you I'd forfeit wealth and fame ;

The Whiskers—a Tale.

Take my whole fortune—every cent—”
“ ‘Twas something more than wealth I meant.”
“ Must I the realms of Neptune trace ?
O speak the word—where’er the place,
For you, the idol of my soul,
I’d e’en explore the frozen pole ;
Arabia’s sandy deserts tread,
Or trace the Tigris to its head.”

“ O no ; dear sir, I do not ask
So long a voyage, so hard a task ;
You must—but ah ! the boon I want,
I have no hope that you will grant.”

“ Shall I, like Bonaparte, aspire
To be the world’s imperial sire ?
Express the wish, and here I vow,
To place a crown upon your brow.”

“ Sir, these are trifles”—she replied—
“ But if you wish me for your bride,
You must—but still I fear to speak—
You’ll never grant the boon I seek.”

“ O say !” he cried—“ dear angel, say—
What I must do, and I obey ;
No longer rack me with suspense,
Speak your commands, and send me hence.”

The Whiskers--a Tale.

“ Well, then, dear generous youth !” she cries,
“ If thus my heart you really prize,
And wish to link your fate with mine,
On one condition I am thine ;
’Twill then become my pleasing duty,
To contemplate a husband’s beauty ;
And gazing on his manly face,
His feelings and his wishes trace ;
To banish thence each mark of care,
And light a smile of pleasure there.
O let me then, ’tis all I ask,
Commence at once the pleasing task ;
O let me, (as becomes my place)
Cut those huge whiskers from your face.”

She said—but O, what strange surprise
Was pictured in her lover’s eyes !
Like lightning from the ground he sprung,
While wild amazement tied his tongue ;
A statue, motionless, he gazed,
Astonish’d, horror-struck, amazed.
So look’d the gallant Perseus, when
Medusa’s visage met his ken ;
So look’d Macbeth, whose guilty eye
Discern’d an “ air-drawn dagger” nigh ;
And so the prince of Denmark stared,
When first his father’s ghost appeared.

The Inexperienced Barber—a Tale.

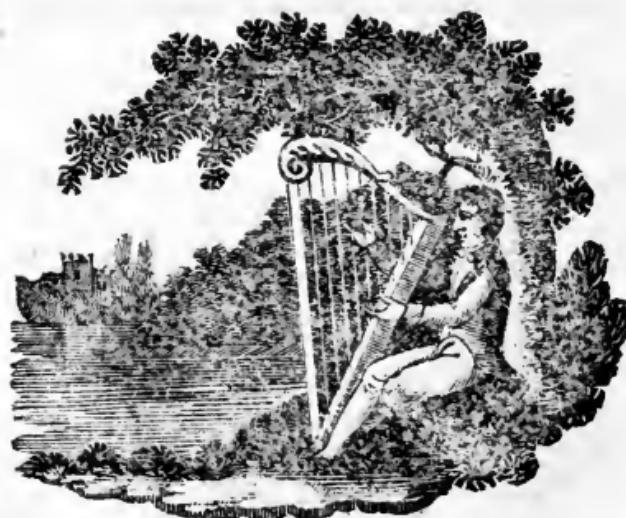
At length our hero silence broke,
And thus in wildest accents spoke :
“ Cut off my whiskers ! O ye gods !
I’d sooner lose my ears, by odds ;
Madam, I’d not be so disgraced,
So lost to fashion and to taste,
To win an empress to my arms,
Though blest with more than mortal charms.
My whiskers ! Zounds !” He said no more,
But quick retreated thro’ the door,
And sought a less obdurate fair,
To take the beau with all his hair.

THE INEXPERIENCED BARBER.

The other day, a certain beau,
Before he could a courting go,
Must needs be dress’d ; so off he flew,
To the first shop that met his view ;
“ Come, Barber,” he exclaims in haste,
“ Display for once a little taste,
“ Exert your powers, and don’t be stupid,
“ But make me pretty as a Cupid.
“ Consult my visage now with care,
“ And to my looks adapt my hair.”

The Inexperienced Barber.

The man, a novice in his trade,
His best abilities display'd ;
And Cupid from his chair arose,
A finished beauty, we suppose ;
Approach'd the glass, his visage spied,
Then turning to the Barber, cried—
“ Is this your boasted taste ?—for shame !
“ Such dressing don't deserve the name ;
“ My head, with all these curls and plaster,
“ *Looks like the very devil*, master.”
The barber in a humble tone,
Replied, “ Dear sir, the fault's your own,
“ You bade me view your face with care,
“ And to your *looks* adapt your hair.”





QUARTER-DAY,
OR THE
Horrors of the First of May.
A POEM.

NOTE.

The following Poem is founded on a custom peculiar to the city of New-York, where rents and leases uniformly commence on the first day of MAY. It was the production of a few leisure evenings in the spring of 1812, and dedicated (see line 42d) to the honourable Dewitt Clinton, then Mayor of the city of New-York.

QUARTER-DAY.

A POEM.

WHILE sylvan bards awake the tuneful strain
Responsive to the murmur of some rill
Meandering slow along the rushy dale ;
Or, deep embosom'd in the sweet recess
Of fragrant bower, by feathered choir made vocal, 5
Chant, to the flow'r-deck'd lyre, a hackney'd theme,
The sweets of MAY in vernal beauties dight ;
Mine be the task, in city garret pent,
Stunn'd by the tuneless serenade of wheels,
O'er pavements rolling, dissonant and harsh, 10
To sing of MAY arrayed in HORROR's garb
Terrific. MAY THE FIRST, call'd QUARTER-DAY,
That period of suspense, of fear, despair,
And each ungracious feeling that annoys :

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

That temporal *day of judgment*, when unhoused 15
 And trembling mortals, at the awful bar
 Of merciless landlords, render their accounts,
 And lenity implore, too oft, in vain.

Come, Heaven-born Sympathy, still prompt to give
 A tear to grief, or lend a smile to joy, 20
 Be thou my muse ; inspire my feeble verse
 In thy behalf ; O teach the bard to fill
 With glowing hues the outlines here portray'd,
 And give a faithful picture of the scene.
 Hold thou the palet, Truth shall guide his hand, 25
 To trace the horrors of that dreadful day,
 When this proud city, with commotion fill'd,
 Presents a scene of tumult, noise, and strife,
 With which compared, old Babel's lofty tower
 Was Order's temple and the shrine of peace. 30
 That day, to Poverty so full of wo,
 And which the bard, her chosen son, despairs
 To meet prepared, unless his song should win
 The golden charm to strip it of its frowns.

Such be the untried theme, for which I now 35
 Loose from its wooden peg my dusty harp,
 By cobwebs long enshrined, disused, untuned ;
 But if the jarring wire can yield a sound
 That only tastes of melody, O deign,

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

Ye friends of song, to listen to my lay, 40
Which boasts, at least, virginity and truth.

And thou, in whom unrivall'd talents draw
From virtue dignity ; whose private worth
And public fame have call'd thee, by the voice
Of patriot freemen, guardians of the state, 45'
To fill the chair of Justice, and become
The watchful father of a city's weal—
O listen to my humble song. The muse
Aspires to court thy patronage and favor ;
Not for the pride of birth, or vain parade 50
Of pompous heraldry, which FREEMEN leave
The boast of liveried slaves ; her reverence springs
From love of virtues which ennable thee
Beyond an emperor's gift ; but more than all
For that unfeign'd benevolence of heart 55
Which oft has screen'd from fell Oppression's power
The wretch unfortunate, by landlord stripp'd
Of all the goods domestic wants require ;
That sympathy which dries the widow's tear,
Protects the orphan, and forever sheds 60
A cloudless lustre on the name of CLINTON.

While yet Aquarius, from his ponderous jar,
With liberal hand, on Winter's frosty shrine,
His gelid offering pours, libations rude

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

Of noxious vapours; sleet, and hail, and rain ; 65
While yet the town in desolation lies,
The streets delightless, save the tuneful hum
Of tinkling sleigh-bells ; and while yet the clock
Of annual tenure strikes three quarters past,
With “dreadful note of preparation,” now, 70
E’en now the scene commences. Prompt to call,
The landlord, with prelusive tale of loss
By fire, or worthless tenants, shows his bill,
Throwing a glance expressive round the room,
Which says, as plain as miser’s eyes can speak, 75
“ My money or your goods.” This pittance paid,
If happily within the tenant’s power,
This ghost appears no more till the great day
Which comes anon. Meantime the anxious search
For tenements begins ; for rents increase, 80
And half our population, or for that,
Or business, or for fashion, must remove,
And with bright May begin another year.
’Tis the strange mania that disclaims a cure,
Though its impolicy great Franklin urged, 85
And sad experience demonstrate the fact.
Now on the posts and lintels of our doors
Appear the mystic scrolls, uncouthly traced,
Putting to blush orthography and sense ;
But plain enough to let the passer know 90
Their vast import—“ *a house, or rooms to let.*”

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

At this inclement season, ye who share
A tenfold portion of terrestrial wealth,
Who boast the face and image of a God,
O strive in temper to be like him too, 95
And purchase stock in Heaven's eternal funds.
Cherish sweet pity in your manly breasts
For all Misfortune's hapless race, and be
The guardians, not the tyrants of the poor.
O I have seen such curs'd oppressive acts, 100
Such merciless deeds of cruelty, enforced
By griping Landlords, despots of an hour,
As would with blushes light a demon's cheek,
And to a seraph's call the pitying tear.
And all for what? A drop of ocean lost! 105
The wretched pittance of a quarter's rent!
(The pauper's shelter cannot cost him much)
A few poor pounds, which, added to the heap
Of yellow dirt the mole is heaving up,
Were scarce perceived—by poverty withheld, 110
Is crime enough to doom the shivering wretch
With wife and children—(what augmented pangs!)
To brave, unhoused, the less remorseless storm;
Or else, entomb'd within a prison's walls,
Endure the anguish of a "living death!" 115
Inhuman tyrants! Vassals of your lusts!
Idolators, who worship Aaron's calf!
Allow the sufferer time, and you *may* win

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

The golden god without *such* sacrifice,
 The immolation of your fellow-man ! 120
 Give him, at least, the chance you would a deer,
 A generous start, and when he stands at bay,
 'Tis time enough to slip the dogs of death,
 And glut your Nero-appetites with blood.

In ORMOND's garret, near proud Hudson's stream,
 Resided once a fond contented pair : 126
 The youthful EDWIN, just in wedlock join'd
 To the dear object of his boyish love,
 The fair AMELIA. Though their humble hopes
 Were bounded by necessity's demand, 130
 They were but barely realized ; and Want
 Would sometimes knock, but never dared intrude.
 Yet still industry, by affection urged,
 With frugal management, and sprightly health,
 Secured them comfort and domestic peace ; 135
 Each homely meal receiving higher zest,
 From being earn'd before it was enjoy'd.
 One year roll'd round, and in their favour left
 A trifling balance, after all demands
 Were satisfied with scrupulous exactness. 140
 Sacred treasure ! for one fond event
 Now hastening on, the consecrated boon
 Was joyfully reserved ; while smiling hope
 Lent double vigour to the daily task

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

Which fed the pair, and saved the little fund. 145
But, ah ! relentless fate had woes in store
Unmerited by virtue such as theirs.
The tender moment, destined to complete
Their little plan of happiness, arrived ;
But only came to blast their fondest hopes. 150
The poor AMELIA, after nameless pangs,
That push'd her to the precipice of fate,
And left her trembling on its dizzy verge,
Ushered to light, but not to life, a babe.
EDWIN, distracted, o'er the sufferer hung, 155
As though his loved AMELIA's wasting life
Was with the web of his existence wove.
Night after night, and day succeeding day,
His eyes estranged from sleep, his frame from rest,
He watch'd her fading form, and by her couch, 160
Entranced in speechless agony, remained.
Doctors and nurses, nostrums, fuel, food,
And all the nameless calls of sickness, soon
Exhausted EDWIN's little frugal store,
And nought but want, disease, and deep despair, 165
Remain'd the inmates of his drear abode.
The few utensils of domestic use
Their humble means afforded, one by one,
Had found their way to grace a broker's stall,
Till the poor couch on which AMELIA lay, 170
(The scene of all his joys and all his woes)

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

Alone remain'd of EDWIN's worldly wealth.
'Twas at this crisis, while the husband stood,
Absorb'd in grief, beside the senseless fair,
His *landlord* entered. ORMOND, who could count 175
The annual tribute of an hundred rents ;
ORMOND, whose coffers groan'd with their contents,
Came to demand the recent quarter's due !
The heart-broke mourner raised his humid eyes
And threw them round the desolated room, 180
Then pointing to the melancholy bed
Bade savage ORMOND view his little all.
“ Ha ! swindling wretch ! (the human monster cried)
Your goods embezzled, and myself unpaid !
‘Thus every year some cursed loss like this 185
Have I to meet : but you shall not escape.”
“ Forbear, (cries Edwin) and respect my grief !
This scene is sacred to despair and silence.
Let me but catch AMELIA's parting breath,
Close her dear eyes, and give a farewell kiss, 193
Then, wretch ! dispose of EDWIN as you please.”
“ What little your dishonesty has left,
ORMOND replies, this moment shall secure ;
Your bed is mine !” A marshal, at his beck,
Entered the room, and both approach'd the couch. 195
EDWIN, whose spirit sorrow had subdued,
Entreated, prayed, and on his knees implored,
A little respite—but, alas ! in vain !

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

With savage coolness, they commenced the task—
AMELIA, writhing in the pangs of death, 200
They placed, ungently, on the cheerless floor,
Secured their prey, and saw the sufferer die !

Nor ye, who startle at such fiend-like deeds,
With undissembled horror, think I paint
A fancy-piece ; for this was drawn from life— 205
The wretch still lives to curse his fellow-men.
Nor vainly think such Nero-spirits few,
While thousands pine beneath their despot sway.
Ask the poor widow whom a merciless wretch
Doom'd to the horrors of a grated cell, 210
Her grief unheeded, and her infant train
Deprived the comfort of a mother's care.
A circling year has scarcely roll'd its round
Since **BURGER**'s wrongs were made the public theme,

214th l. *Since Burger's wrongs, &c.*

This passage needs no comment save the insertion of the following notice, copied from the Columbian of March 11, 1811.

To the Charitable and Philanthropic.

The assistance and charitable contributions of the humane and benevolent, are earnestly solicited to relieve the wants, alleviate the miseries, and soothe the anguish, of a poor and friendless widow, named Burger; who, with her three children, are now deprived of support, and destitute of sustenance, by her being confined in the debtors' prison of this city, for a paltry debt due for house rent, to a wealthy,

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

And found, in public sympathy, redress. 215
 Attend a sheriff's sale ; the savage rites
 Of Plutus' worship, on whose golden shrine
 The little worldly comforts of the poor,
 Without compunction, still are sacrificed,
 Fattening his priests at honesty's expense ! 220
 See that fond mother striving to redeem
 A little trinket, worth the world to her,
 The death-bed token of a darling son.
 But, ah ! she strives in vain—for prayers and tears
 Are all she has to give ; and what are these 225
 To sordid souls who worship wealth alone !
 The hammer falls, and 'tis for ever gone.

What, but this spirit, doom'd the feeling HOWARD
 For sixteen years to languish in a jail, 230

but cruel, rapacious, vindictive, inexorable and unfeeling landlord, named ———, who brutally attempted to deprive her and her children of the shelter afforded of a desolate house during the late severe snow-storm ; though the poor unhappy woman had previously paid her rent punctually to him ; and though she offered to pay him a stated sum weekly out of the earnings of her manual labour until the amount due should have been paid.

"Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn."

230th l. *For sixteen years to languish in a jail, &c.*

The essays of Howard are well known. He reprobated the system of imprisonment *for debt*, and says that he was sixteen years a prisoner for that *crime* in the jail of the city and county of New-York.

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

Whose only crime, to give its blackest name,
Was that of being poor! A sad offence!
The judge who dooms a felon to his fate,
Softens his sentence with the tones of pity;
And Justice, while she strikes the fated blow, 235
From her stern eye emits the truant tear;
But the *poor debtor* hears not Pity's voice,
Beholds no falling sympathetic tear!
His sentence is his adversary's *will*,
His jury, Malice, Hate, and black Revenge; 240
And while these triumph o'er the falling wretch,
Insulted Justice, blushing, drops her scales.

" It is (says he) a horrid place—and many a time when, through the grates of my prison window, I have watched the last rays of the setting sun as they gilded some neighbouring spire, I have wondered that any man could find it in his heart to put a fellow being in jail for debt."

" I have at last given up the hope of liberty—blessed liberty! I can hardly write the word without dropping a tear at the recollection of the joyous days of liberty which are gone for ever. I am sad when I think how they have fled away like a dream, and that neither I nor my creditors can ever recal them.

" Habit has so altered me from the gay being that I was, that I really suppose if I were offered my freedom to-day I could not enjoy it."

" As the hoary-headed tenant of the bastile, whose locks, like mine, whitened in confinement for no crime, most probably I should say—"I have no money—no friends—my talents for business are lost—I have forgotten the ways of the world—send me back to prison, for the light is hateful."

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

Howard was blest with youth, and health, and all
That could impart a charm to human life ;
A faithful partner, and a smiling boy, 245
Between them shared a heart replete with love.
But, ah ! too generous for his humble means,
'To save his friend, he lost, alas ! himself ;
And here, on Freedom's consecrated soil,
The exile's refuge and the wanderer's home, 250
Was robb'd at once of Freedom, home, and all,
And buried in the horrors of a jail !
Struck to the soul, his wife, his dearer self,
Broken with grief, the victim of despair,
Languish'd awhile and found relief in death. 255
Her infant shortly shared her mother's fate,
Leaving the father, husband, whelm'd in wo,
Alone and friendless, without even Hope
To dart a ray of comfort through his cell ;
Bereaved of freedom, consort, child, and friends, 260

245th l. *A faithful partner and a smiling boy.*

" When I entered the walls of this terrible jail, in which, amid the rattling of chains, I am now writing this little impertinent story of myself, I was young, in good health, blest with a wife whom I adored, and as fine a boy as ever smiled in the face of a father. The boy is dead—and my wife is no more. She was indeed a most excellent woman, but she was wounded to the soul by the horrors of our situation—her spirit was broken down, and she, with the infant that caused her sickness, died in child-bed in jail, shortly after my imprisonment, in the year 1794." *Howard.*

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

To gratify a miser's sordid spleen !
The tardy years roll'd on their cheerless round,
Whitening a head by sorrows thus depress'd,
And bending youth beneath decrepit age ;
Till the fourth part of life's allotted span 265
The suffering wretch in slavery had told !

'Twas this same fiend-like spirit, too, that sunk
Unhappy BROWN to an untimely grave ;

268th l. *Unhappy Brown. &c.*

" Some years since, (says Howard) a young man by the name of Brown was cast into the prison of this city for debt. His manners were very interesting. His fine dark eyes beamed so much intelligence, his lively countenance expressed so much ingenuousness, that I was induced, contrary to my usual rule, to seek his acquaintance.—Companions in misery soon become attached to each other."

" Brown was informed that one of his creditors would not consent to his discharge, that he had abused him very much, (as is usual in such cases) and made a solemn oath before his God to keep him in jail "*till he rotted*" !! I watched Brown's countenance when he received this information, and whether it was fancy or not, I cannot say, but I thought I saw the cheering spirit of hope, in that moment, desert him for ever."

" Nothing gave Brown pleasure, but the daily visits of his amiable wife. By the help of a kind relation, she was able to give Brown, sometimes, soup, wine, and fruit, and every day, whether clear or stormy, she visited the prison to cheer the drooping spirits of her husband. She was uncommonly pretty. She seemed an angel, administering consolation to a man about to converse with angels. One day, passed the hour of one o'clock, and she came not. Brown was

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

That drove the poor and persecuted SMITH
 To desperation, guilt, and shame, and death ; 270
 Entail'd on Danvers undeserved wo,
 And doom'd his tender daughter to the flames.

uneasy. Two—three, and four o'clock passed, and she did not appear. Brown was distracted. A messenger arrived. Mrs. Brown was very dangerously ill, and supposed to be dying in a convulsive fit. As soon as Brown received this information he darted to the door with the rapidity of lightning. The inner door was open—and the jailor, who had just let some one in, was closing it as Brown passed violently through it. The jailor knocked him down with a massy iron key which he held in his hand, and Brown was carried lifeless and covered with blood, to his cell."

"Mrs. Brown died—and her husband was denied even the sad privilege of closing her eyes. He lingered for some time, till at last, he called me one day, and, gazing on me while a faint smile played upon his lips—he said, "he believed death was more kind than his creditors"—After a few convulsive struggles he expired!"

"Legislators and sages of America! permit me to ask you—how much benefit has that creditor derived from the imprisonment and consequent death of an amiable man, in the bloom of youth—who, without this cruelty, might have flourished, even now, an ornament and a glory to the nation?"

269th l. That drove the poor and persecuted Smith, &c.

"In the year 1803, the yellow fever raged in this city with relentless fury. Every where the citizens fled from the destructive pestilence; the rich resorted to the seats of fashion and pleasure, the poor sought refuge in those shelters provided in the suburbs of the city by the benevolence of our active corporation. Humanity exerted herself in favour of every class of the community—except the debtors."

"Among the prisoners who endured the indescribable horrors of

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

Unfeeling, cruel, and remorseless souls !
Ye who on Sunday still profanely pray,
“ Forgive our debts, as we, O Lord, forgive 275
Our debtors”—may the *letter* of your prayers
Remain unanswered—for, 'tis death ye ask !
And, Oh ! your souls are not prepared for that.

this season, there was one named Smith. His wife and two daughters kept a boarding house in Water-street. They were too rich to be included in the class that was provided for by the corporation, and too poor to support the expenses of an exile in the country." They were, however, preparing to tax the friendship and charity of some of their neighbours for a little loan of money to enable them to move with their boarders to Greenwich, when Mr. Smith was arrested for a small debt, and thrown into prison.

" This misfortune disconcerted their plan—the neighbours fled, and to increase the miseries of Mrs. Smith, the boarders, who had hitherto contributed to her support, fled also; and shortly after, herself and both her daughters fell victims to the prevailing epidemic."

" And, will you believe it? reader ! no entreaty, no bribe, within the father's power, could prevail on any one to go to his house to bring him information of the state of his family."

" The first and last information this unfortunate father ever received of his family, was in the newspaper. They were buried in Potter's Field."

" The father starved awhile in jail, till, at length, goaded by his suffering, he forged a check on the Manhattan Bank, was transferred to Bridewell, and from thence, after trial and conviction, was condemned to the State Prison for seven years. Soured by misfortunes, and rendered misanthropic by unmerited sufferings, he exulted in his crime, and often was heard to advise people rather to be a criminal than a debtor in this country, for that society here furnished the cri-

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

When meek-eyed Pity moved the generous band
 To range our city, searching for distress, 280
 Bidding the widow's cheerless hearth to blaze,
 And driving cold and hunger from her door,
 How look'd—how felt these hard obdurate fiends ?

minal with the conveniences of life, while the debtor was suffered to starve. He at length died, the enemy of society, cursing men ! And this is one among the millions of instances in which slavery for debt has destroyed families, and ruined the morals of a man, who, under a rational government, might have lived, the defender of liberty, and a disciple of religion."

" Unfeeling, cruel, pitiless and remorseless creditors ; and, legislators of New-York, careless, heedless and criminal as they, whether ye sleep or wake, may the spirits of injured Smith and his suffering family, give ye no peace till your hearts shall be touched with pity, and your eyes be opened to the folly of your ways."

271st l. *Entail'd on Danvers undeserved woes, &c.*

Danvers was a fellow-prisoner with Howard. His little daughter was unfortunately burnt to death at home, while Mrs. Danvers was visiting her husband in prison.

" As soon as Danvers came here, (says Howard) destitute and sad as he was, he felt not for himself—but, as to his beloved wife and two charming children, the prospect was frightful. Thanks to the kindness of a stranger, they were not permitted to starve."

" A bookseller in the neighbourhood of the prison humanely employed Danvers and his wife in folding, cutting and stitching books ; and what with a rigid economy, the slender earning of this labour, together with the occasional aid of charity, Danvers and his wife were sometimes in the midst of misfortunes blest with contentment.

" It was in one of those halcyon hours that Danvers and myself were " making merry" over the last remains of a pitcher of ale, which

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

Did not a fever glow upon their cheek,
When meddling Memory with *these* acts compared 285
Their blacker deeds of cruelty ? O, no !
For devils seldom blush. Their feelings then
Resembled those of the infernal race,
When Heaven stoop'd a sinking world to save.

he had purchased to aid us in celebrating the birth-day of his little darling daughter Eliza. Mrs. Danvers, who had hired a small house in the upper part of the city, had just left us, saying, as she departed, that "she would go home and make little Eliza drink our health, for the high honours paid her on her birth-day by the prisoners."

"It was winter, and as Danvers, peeping through the grate of his prison, saw his cheerful and amiable wife trudging through the snow, to carry his blessing to the "darling Eliza"—"Now, Howard," said he, "by the goddess of mercy ! (and I think her the best goddess in the catalogue) I feel at this moment that I am gay in spite of oppression. My wife there is an angel, and the daughter, whose fourth birth-day now makes me so happy, is worth more, in my estimation, than all the wealth in the world. Dearly as I love my liberty," continued he, "I would sooner remain a slave than part with that little darling of my heart. Come, Howard ! here's to many happy returns of Eliza's birth-day." So saying, he took up the cup, and was just applying it to his lips, when suddenly the door of his room flew open, and in rushed his eldest child, covered with snow, her hands and face purple with cold, her eyes wild, and the tears frozen on her cheek. It was some moments before her excessive grief would permit her to speak. She asked for her mother—who had just departed. "God forbid," said Danvers, "that any misfortune should happen to your mother." At length the girl was able to speak : "Eliza is burnt to death!"

"I will not undertake to describe, but leave the reader to imagine the consternation of Danvers, when those horrid words fell upon his ear—"Eliza is burnt to death!"

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

But MAY approaches, rugged winter flies, 290
And Poverty can bask himself and smile.
Those who intend to take an active part
In this great drama, now are all prepared ;
Their various characters are duly *cast*,

" With tottering steps, he reached the outward gate of the prison, and faintly asked the keeper of the jail to send some one to his house. " What will you give me ?" said he in a surly tone that struck to the heart of Danvers. At that instant a messenger arrived with a note from Mrs. Danvers. With a trembling hand Danvers opened the note and read :

" My husband, come instantly—Eliza is dying—come instantly." The words were somewhat defaced, and, evidently, by the mother's tears. I looked at Danvers. With a faltering voice he begged the jailor to go with him that he might see his dying Eliza. There was so much of intreating woe in his countenance, that no *human* being could have denied his request. The jailor positively refused.

" Feeling that the barbarity of the law absolutely took away from him all hope of seeing his child again, Danvers indulged in the frenzy of grief, imprecated terrible curses on the heads of unfeeling creditors, and in this delirium of agony was dragged to his room. The scene was too affecting for me to endure it any longer, and I turned away almost overcome by a reflection upon the indescribable horrors of this miserable prison.

" The next morning I received from the afflicted Danvers the following note :

" Howard ! my child, my dear Eliza is dead. Her mother, since I cannot go to my child, will bring her remains to me, I shall see her body—before she is entombed. Come to me at four—we will all weep over her ?"

" At the time proposed, I went to my friend's cell. His surviving child was already there. The room would have been entirely dark

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

By managers, to one or both of whom 295
 All must submit—Necessity and Whim.
 'Tis expectation all—the curtain soon
 Will rise upon a busy, noisy scene,
 Such as, perhaps, old Goshen once display'd,
 When Egypt's house of bondage Israel left, 300
 (Hard-hearted PHARAOH was their landlord then)
 And every *family*, at once, *removed*.

but for a little lamp which stood near the window, “ casting a dim religious light” upon the iron grates on the outside. He rose as I approached, and pressing my hand with fervour, pointed to a seat, wished me well in a low voice, and resumed his former place. We had not long been seated before the coffin was brought in, followed by the mourning mother and her old servant maid, Lucy. The mother and the daughter covered their faces, turned aside, and wept aloud. The father knelt beside the bier, fixed his eyes silently upon the child's face, contemplated it with great anxiety for some minutes, then suddenly bursting into a flood of tears, made some low, faltering, but indistinct exclamations, and waved his hand to the attendant, who caused the coffin to be taken away.”

279th l. When meek-eyed Pity moved the generous band, &c.

This alludes to a Society of gentlemen, (of whom the benevolent Dewitt Clinton was one) called the “ *Good Samaritans*;” formed for the purpose of visiting the poor in this city during the well remembered *hard winter*, and distributing relief to all who stood in need of it. In the most inclement weather they regularly took their charitable circuit, and always returned loaded with the widow's benedictions and the orphan's thanks. How god-like! How worthy of imitation!

Quarter-Day--or the Horrors of the First of May.

But first, while yet the anxious tenant counts
His landlord's claim, at twelve to-morrow due ;
Or of his wealthier friends, a part from each, 305
Attempts to borrow, to secure his stuff ;
The busy matron and her daughters ply,
With peevish fretfulness, their annual task.
Down come the bedsteads, tumbled in the yard,
Where hot ablutions drive *their* tenants out, 310
And take their lives for rent. The mirrors next,
And all the pictures, with their dusty frames,
Are loosened from the wall to grace the floor,
Now thickly strew'd with broken glasses round,
Baskets of crockery, tables, stands, and chairs, 315
And all the nameless lumber conjured forth,
Of garret, cellar, pantry, and the rest.

The night in which pale APRIL yields to MAY,
How few enjoy repose ! The country lass,
Intent upon the morning walk, with him 320
Who holds her gentle heart, on various plans,
In hopeful cogitations, spends the night—
What hat, or ribbon, will become her best,
What most will tend to make herself outvie
The blushing, fragrant month they rise to hail. 325
O, by my soul ! this MAYING has delights
Which I shall ne'er forget, while memory holds
Her seat within my brain. In youth's fair dawn,

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

I forward look'd to this delightful hour
With feelings—feelings none can paint ; for then, 330
Some gentle, artless, unaffected nymph,
Was sure to be the partner of my walk,
Accept my nosegays, (sweetened by her breath)
And, without chiding, let me steal a kiss
From lips more fragrant than the rose she held. 335

Season of love, and innocent delight,
Where NATURE reigns the mistress of the scene,
Farewell ! Imprisoned in the cell of ART,
Stifled with dust, and stunn'd with ceaseless noise,
Through the rough grates I can but take a peep, 340
And sigh a sad adieu ! To-morrow's sun
Returns once more THE DAY—but how returns ?
Not with the bliss that country swains enjoy—
No *tender* thoughts will make me watch to-night,
And yet, alas ! I shall not taste of rest ! 345
My LANDLORD is the master of my fate ;
And who can tell if next meridian sun
Will not behold me dispossess'd of all
The humble stock of worldly wealth I own ?
My wife and boy may—that's digression though— 350
Are there not thousands, too, who feel like me,
And tremble at the near approach of MAY ?
Not for *their* sins—but for the *power* of those
Whom wealth and accident have made their lords.

Quarter Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

Nor suffers MAN alone—the humbler brute 355
 Shares in “*the horrors of the first of May:*”
 Where COMMERCE (now diseas’d) once glow’d in health,
 Rattling o’er pavements with her hundred wheels,
 Near the Tontine—’tis dangerous to pass,
 On any morning, save “*the first of May:*” 360
 There, waiting for employ, a hardy train
 Stand by their carts, which block the passage up,
 Eager to start their lean uncurried beasts,
 With any burden, for a trifling fee.
 Not so to-day—the piers and slips are clear’d, 365
 And every cartman busy : double fees,
 Back’d by entreaties, too, are sometimes vain ;
 And, like knight-errants, you may be condemn’d
 To watch, all night, your arms, and household stuff ;

357th l. *Where Commerce, now diseased, &c.*

The embarrassments under which American commerce laboured, for some time previous to the late war with Great Britain, are well remembered.—*Publishers' Note.*

368th l. *And, like knight-errant, &c.*

This line alludes to the ancient custom of watching armour in church or chapel, which was a religious duty imposed upon knights, in the age of chivalry, when they used to consume the whole night in prayer to some saint whom they chose as their patron ; and this exercise of devotion was performed on the night preceding the said *Saint's Day*. The same ceremony was observed by those who were sentenced to the combat proof.

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

While some more lucky tenant holds the place 370
 From which you vainly strove to be removed.

There is a sport, well known in country towns,
 Yclep'd "*The Toilet*," which I've often join'd
 At milk-maids' parties—where the humour lies
 In having chairs enough for all *but one*, 375
 Who takes the middle of the happy ring,
 Unseated ; till, the signal given, all
 Must change their places ; who obtains no seat,
 Incurs a forfeit, and the centre takes,
 To give the signal for another change. 380
 Such is the *game* our city represents
 "*The first of May*"—for each must change his place,
 Uncertain if he get a seat or no.

The curtain rises, and the play begins—
 Here at the corner, screen'd by oaken post, 385
 The muse shall take her stand, and view the scene.
 At every door, behold the ready cart
 Receive its cumbrous load ; the horse throws round
 A glance of meek compassion, which to me
 Speaks in a language, plain as brutes *can* speak, 390
 "What a poor fool is man!" His driver swears,
 Wives scold, dogs bark, cats mew, and children cry,
 Pots break, chairs crack, pans ring, and jarring notes
 Of harshest discord rise on every side.

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

There goes a matron with her looking-glass, 395
 A legacy from mother to her child
 For several generations, and she'll trust
 None to remove it but her careful self.
 But better had she stow'd it on the car
 Where all her baggage rides; for fate has doom'd, 400
 (By sudden contact with a porter's load)
 To dash the sacred treasure from her hand
 On the unchristian pavements, where she views
 Her scatter'd hopes in rude disorder spread,
 Reflecting houses, passengers, and skies. 405
 Here a full barrow, piled with feather-beds,
 Push'd by a sturdy porter, runs you down,
 Ere you can shun the danger; yonder goes
 The sweating bearer of a precious load,
 Baskets of china-ware, and sweetmeat jars, 410
 And the cold relics of some late repast.
 And here, a lumbering cart moves slowly on
 Piled high with bureaus, bedsteads, tables, desks,
 Chairs, cradle, rubbish, wash-tubs, kettles, pots,
 Old empty barrels, benches, trammels, pans, 415
 The fire utensils, carpet-rags, old books,
 And musty pamphlets, oil jugs, bottles, frames,
 Mats, brooms, Dutch-ovens, gridirons, griddles, jacks,
 Trunks, piggins, toasters, pickle-pots, and all.
 'Tis bustle, tumult, noise, and sore dismay 420
 Throughout the city; sleepless was the night,

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

And foodless is the day, for all must fast !
On every face is seen an anxious gloom,
From him who owns a half a dozen blocks,
Down to the humblest tenant of the least ; 425
And e'en my favourite dog, with terror struck,
Gazes askance upon the troubled scene,
And sneaks to some lone corner for repose.

Who then is happy on the "*First of May*,"
In this famed city ? Not the purse-proud wretch 430
Who trembles for his rents, and dooms the poor
To sink in deeper wants to feed his lusts :
Nor yet the poor, unless their virtues rise
Above the common grade ; and least of all
The poor seduced, mistaken slaves of vice, 435
Who barter chastity and health for gold.
They, too, remove, to-day ; but 'tis to change
The scene of guilt and shame, be more oppress'd
By their new tyrants, and perhaps condemn'd
To sin for wages which these tyrants share ! 440
O may there soon a fabric rise for such,
A calm retreat from a censorious world,
Where sin's repenting daughters may retire,
And find forgiving mercy ! Even now
A chosen few, of elevated souls, 445
Have plann'd the edifice, contrived the scheme,
And only wait assistance from ourselves.

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

Success attend them, and in lasting fame,
The *Magdalen Society* shall live.

Who then is happy? Ere she close the strain, 450
 The muse herself shall answer. 'Tis the man
 (Of easy fortune and a generous heart)
 Whose charity by wisdom is directed,
 Who loves his God, his neighbour, and himself,
 In just descending order; whose employ 455
 Is doing good to others; whose reward,
 The bright reflection of the joy he gives;
 Like a mild taper in a diamond lustre,
 Which multiplies one little ray to thousands,
 His means of blessing still increase by use. 460
 Not all the *Horrors of the first of May*,
 Can shake the solid peace of such a man.
 The changing seasons, times, events, and all
 The various scenes that chequer human life,
 And e'en the chilling adverse storms of fate, 465
 Serve but to ripen the celestial fruits
 His active love produces; draughts of bliss
 He quaffs for every little taste he gives,
 And finds a heaven in wishing others there.
 To seek for happiness in things of sense, 470

443rd l. *The Magdalen Society shall live.*

This Society was instituted about the period at which this Poem was written, and has been attended with considerable success.

Quarter-Day—or the Horrors of the First of May.

In wealth, ambition, pleasure, or supineness,
Is but a vain exertion—idle hope ;
For then we chase a transitory cheat,
And leave the game, the real prize behind,
Hid in contentment's calm sequester'd vale, 475
While we toil up the mountain's rugged side,
Tempting new dangers, and exposed to all
The storms that beat ambition's bleaker road ;
Or perils worse than these, conceal'd beneath
The treacherous sweets which bloom in pleasure's path,
A thousand serpent-stings, unseen, but fatal. 481
And if in dastard indolence we rest,
Our lazy hopes are certain of defeat.
Then learn the true, the only real source
Whence happiness can flow—a precept drawn 485
From holy writ this heavenly source proclaims—
“ To fear the Lord, and his commands obey,
Is man's whole duty,” in a single line ;
An easy yoke, a burthen light to bear.
‘Tis but to love in *heart* and *action* both— 490
For *love* is the fulfilling of the law.



NEW-HAVEN :

A POEM.

NOTE.

The following Poem was written and published in the year 1809, and every copy of a large edition disposed of. The author has since been frequently solicited to revise, improve, and republish it, but for some reason not communicated, always refused to comply. On learning our determination, however, of adding it to this collection, the author has interpolated a few couplets, altered several defective lines, and subjoined some additional notes.

THE PUBLISHERS.

NEW-HAVEN :

A POEM.

NEW-HAVEN be my theme—nor mean the name—
On the bright tablet of Columbia's fame ;
For here did Freedom early cast the yoke,
And fell'd the despot with the chains she broke ;
Here Literature and Arts have since combin'd 5
To culture nature and enrich the mind ;
Here fair Religion meekly lifts her eye,
And gives her votaries realms beyond the sky ;
Here moral worth and “Steady Habits” reign,
While Vice and Folly seek a place in vain ! 10

So boasts Report ;—but, are her vauntings true ?
Come, virgin Truth, the muse appeals to you ;
Bid Justice come, and trace with us the town,
Her balance bring, but throw her sabre down ;

New-Haven.

One scale shall hold the praise to merit due, 15
 And Satire's quiver keep the balance true ;
 " Laugh where we must—be candid where we can,"
 Shall be the motto of our humble plan,
 While varying objects teach the muse to steer,
 " From grave to gay—from lively to severe." 20
 'Tis worth and virtue—not the man, we prize—
 'Tis vice and folly—not the wretch, that dies.

Hail, happy city !—hail, thrice happy state !
 Connecticut ! supremely wise and great !
 Whose *constitution* cannot yet be broke, 25
 Because you wear not such a cumbrous yoke ;
 Whose laws were framed upon the Jewish mode,
 Till you had time to form a *better* code ;

22d l. 'Tis vice and folly, &c.

This idea is borrowed from a Cambridge Exercise.—" 'Tis not the fool, but *folly* is our mark."

26th l. Because you wear not such a cumbrous yoke.

It is a fact that the state of Connecticut has never yet been blessed with a constitution, unless the royal charter of king Charles can be so called.

28th l. Till you had time, &c.

The first settlers of Connecticut passed a resolution, in a general convention, that they would " be governed by the laws of God, until they had time to make better ones."

New-Haven.

To which the sky's cerulean tint was given,
A proof sufficient that they came from Heaven. 30
Hail, famed Connecticut! where still we trace
The "steady habits" of your fathers' race;

29th l. *To which the sky's cerulean tint, &c.*

Many enquiries have been made respecting the signification of the term "*Blue Laws*," which has been, for many years, attached to the political character of the State of Connecticut. The *Puritans*, (as they were termed) who fled from religious persecutions in Europe, after landing on this Continent, still retained a portion of the "old leaven," and proceeded immediately to pass laws as singular as they were tyrannical, and as oppressive as they were superstitious. To this day have many of the progeny of the '*Puritans*,' in the Eastern States, particularly in Connecticut, retained a portion of the follies of their forefathers. For an example of the composition of what is now termed *Blue Laws*, the following collection of a few of the many curious punishments, inflicted for various offences, is copied from the old court records, between 1630 and 1650 :

"Sir Richard Saltonstall, fined four bushels of malt for his absence from Court.

"Josias Plastove shall (for stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians) return them eight baskets again, be fined 5*l.* and hereafter to be called by the name of *Josias*, and not *Mr.* as formerly he used to be.

"Joyce Bradwick shall give unto Alexander Becks, 20*s.* for promising him marriage without her friends' consent, and now refusing to perform the same.

"William James, for incontinency, knowing his wife before marriage, was sentenced to be set in the bilboes, and bound in 20*l.*

 New-Haven.

Where liberal minds have happy sway attained,
By priests unshackled, as by crime unstained !

Where genius meets a rich and sure reward, 35

Where speculation never meets with fraud !

Where female virtue fears no hapless flaw,

For chastity is here secured by law ;

Where narrow Prejudice is hunted down,

And Superstition drove from every town ! 40

" Thomas Peter, for *suspicion* of slander, idleness and stubbornness, is to be severely whipt, and kept in hold.

" Richard Turner, for being notoriously drunk, was fined 2*l.*

" John Haggs, for swearing *God's foot*, cursing his servant, and wishing "a pox of God take you," was fined 5*l.*

" Edward Palmer, for his extortion, taking 33*s.* 7*d.* for the plank and wood work of the stocks, is fined 5*l.* and censured to be set an hour in the stocks.

" John White is bound in 10*l.* to be of good behaviour, and not to come into the company of his neighbour Thomas Bull's wife, alone.

" Sarah Hales was censured for *her miscarriage*, to be carried to the gallows with a rope about her neck, and set upon the ladder, the rope's end flung over the gallows, and after to be banished."

38*th l.* *For chastity, &c.*

The punishment for female indiscretion was formerly cruelly severe in Connecticut. When an unfortunate fair one fell a victim to the arts and intrigues of the unfeeling votaries of seduction, the fatal consequences of her error were not deemed a sufficient punishment; a life embittered with tears and regret, not an adequate atonement! No.—To the loss of peace and reputation was added corporeal torture—a public scourging on a disgraceful scaffold! To the honour of the state, this law is now laid aside; but I blush for my country while I record its former existence.

New-Haven.

Where Charity conceals each fault she can,
In servile beasts—if not in lordly man ;
Where all so strictly do the laws maintain,
That litigation lifts its head in vain ;
Where all, in short, is bliss, unknown to vice, 45
Peace, virtue, innocence, and—Paradise !

New-Haven, hail ! whose puritanic realm
No flood of heresy can ever whelm ;
Whose prisons, gibbet, pillory, or stocks,
(Those crucibles of tenets orthodox) 50
Have often taught the heretic to shun
The fatal course his ancestors had run.

42d l. In servile beasts, &c.

The ironical muse perhaps here has an allusion to the finesse often practised by the dealers in horses, who generally find it politic to conceal the faults of the beasts which they wish to dispose of.

44th l. That litigation, &c.

However strictly the laws are observed in Connecticut, but few states in the Union support such a numerous clan of attorneys as “ the land of steady habits,” who all grow rich by speculating on human depravity.

51st l. Have often taught the heretic; &c.

The general court of New-Haven, in 1658, passed a severe law against the quakers, which was introduced with the following preamble :

Whereas there is a cursed sect of heretics, lately sprung up in the world, commonly called quakers, who take upon them, that they are

New-Haven.

Hail, happy mistress of a happy state !
With blessings chartered by auspicious Fate ;
For whom kind Nature, with a liberal hand, 55
From Copia's horn pours plenty o'er the land.

immediately sent from God, and infallibly assisted by the spirit, who yet speak and write blasphemous opinions, despise government, and the order of God, in church and commonwealth, speaking evil of dignities, &c.

Ordered, That whosoever shall bring, or cause to be brought, any known quaker or quakers, into this colony, shall forfeit the sum of fifty pounds. Also, if a quaker come into this jurisdiction on civil business, the time of his stay shall be limited by the civil authority, and he shall not use any means to corrupt or seduce others. On his first arrival, he shall appear before a magistrate, and from him receive license to pass on his business, and (for the better prevention of hurt to the people) have one or more persons to attend upon him at his own charge, &c. The punishments, in case of disobedience, were whipping, imprisonment, labour, and a deprivation of all converse with any person.

For the second offence, the person was to be branded in the hand with the letter H, to suffer imprisonment, and be put to labour. For the third, to be branded in the other hand, imprisoned, &c. as before. For the fourth, the offender was to have his tongue bored through with a red hot iron, imprisoned, and kept to labour until sent away at his own charge. Any person who shall attempt to defend the sentiments of the quakers, shall, for the third offence, be sentenced to banishment. But these people, (continues the author from whose Geography the above is quoted) who have been so much censured and ridiculed, had perhaps as many virtues as their posterity ; and it would be wise in the moderns, who stand elevated on the shoulders of their ancestors, with the book of their experience open before them, to improve from their virtues and to veil their faults.—See Morse's Geography—Article Connecticut.

New-Haven.

Here rural charms with city beauties join,
Here art and nature every where combine ;
The colonnade, the portico, and tower,
Rise on the turf that bears a poplar bower ; 60
Beneath the shade here Genius loves to rove,
And think itself in Academus' grove ;
Here thoughtful Silence holds her chosen seat,
For here no deafening pavements spoil the street ;
A chaise or chariot here are heard no more 65
Than feathers falling on the felted floor ;
Here I can write, three stories only high,
In such dead silence I could hear a sigh ;
No thundering carriage shakes the angled roof,
Nor steeds affright me with the clashing hoof ; 70
No slippery flags the careless step betray,
And crack the skull on every rainy day ;
Here, should you fall, you lose no drop of blood,
But safe and soft recline on yielding mud !

Say, Heaven-born Truth ! say what police you prize,
Sordid and mean ?—or liberal and wise ? 76
What city e'er in arts or splendour shone,
Where interest ruled—where wealth was prized alone ?

64th l. For here no deafening pavements, &c.

There is not a paved street in the whole city ; and the soil being very sandy, the inhabitants are deluged with dust in dry weather, and with mud at all other times.

New-Haven.

Where self was all that influenced every thought,
And individual profit only sought? 80
Truth answers, none—and here one instance shows
Where liberal, public spirit never rose;
The sad effects that on this languor wait
Disgrace the mistress of so fair a state.
No decent pier receives the freighted bark— 85
A cluttered mud-bank (dangerous in the dark,

84th l. No decent pier, &c.

The first question asked a stranger who enters New-Haven by land, is “have you seen our Long-wharf?” and on being answered in the negative, the vast politeness of “mine host” induces him to conduct the gentleman all the way through Fleet-street, to visit this “stupendous fabric of human invention.” If the weather has recently been uncommonly fair, he may traverse its whole extent without sinking deeper than to his ankles in mud. Should the path fortunately be unobstructed by plaster, lumber, or carts, he may, as he leisurely proceeds, enjoy a distant prospect of the water—survey the gallant mud-scows and oyster-boats on his left, and a tottering row of old wooden ware-houses on his right—inhalé the fragrant odours arising from the docks, and, finally, arrive at the point which the New-York packets are enabled to approach at high water. After feasting his senses with all these beauties, the grateful stranger returns with his generous guide, consoling himself with the pleasing reflection that the same delightful excursion will be repeated on his embarkation for New-York.

Additional Note.—Since the establishment of the Steam-Boat, between New-York and New-Haven, “things have been managed better.”—*Publishers.*

Of length enormous, at whose timbered side
A pigmy fleet of oyster-boats may ride
Safe moor'd in mud) is all that bears the name,
Or to a pier or wharf can kindred claim. 90
Why does not wealth here bid Industry rise,
And from your sisters snatch, or share the prize ?
Give the clogg'd channel all its former size,
And deepen docks by bidding piers arise ?
So shall fair Commerce o'er your city smile, 95
And wearied passengers lose half their toil,
For 'tis no easy task—to walk a mile.

Why do I view these wooden frames arise ?
Does this bespeak your famed police too wise ?
Where'er I turn a block of wood appears, 100
Season'd in sun-beams for successive years ;
A fatal spark, on some disastrous night,
Might on the subject throw sufficient light ;
Then, like a rocket, you for once would soar,
Blaze for a moment, and be seen no more ! 105
But still the threatening danger you defy,
Still bid new piles of cedar kiss the sky !
By parsimony you would gain renown,
And risk a million to secure a crown ! 110
Ignoble maxim !—tear it from the heart,
And bid your soil to lasting structures start ;

New-Haven.

The well burnt clay, or yonder bluff, can yield
At once both grace and safety's surest shield :
Live not in terror while your interest claims 115
Far fairer fabrics, that defy the flames.

Yon spacious “ Green,” the city’s boast and pride,
Might still have been a barren common wide,
Had not a spirit worthy of the man,
Conceived and urged to execute the plan, 120
To screen it from a hackney’d long abuse,
And consecrate it to a nobler use.
But he’s a lunatic !—then justly own
That madness here is liberal alone.

113th l. The well burnt clay, or yonder bluff, &c.

A reference is here had to one of those two rocky mountains which overlook the city from the north, called East and West Rocks, the former in particular supplying very good stones for building. The rugged brows of these wood-crowned heights are tinged with the beams of the rising and setting sun, while the city below is veiled in the soft shade of twilight. A delightful prospect can be enjoyed from their summits, of landscapes beautifully romantic.

117th l. Yon spacious Green, &c.

This is the public square, situated nearly in the centre of the city, termed *The Green*.

123d l. But he’s a lunatic, &c.

The reverend gentleman who, at his own expense, began to ornament this handsome promenade with a fence, trees, &c. has, at various times, evinced such a spirit for public improvement, as to draw on him the imputation of being a madman.

But say, why is this beauteous promenade, 125
Where Nature glows in vernal vest array'd,
Where Art with rapture would the scene have traced,
Deform'd by buildings and by tombs defaced ?

'Tis not too late to brush the moles away
From Beauty's face, and teach her smiles to play ;
For sacred ashes that have breathed and loved, 131
May be with decent sanctity removed :
And where yon grove of youthful poplars bloom,
Transplanted monuments may mark their tomb.

When once adopted, *habits* seldom change, 135
However rude, displeasing, odd, or strange ;
Hence, when you hear the bell, or knocker's din,
No servant comes, some voice exclaims "walk in!"
Perhaps the visiter has only come
To leave a card, or ask if you're at home ; 140
To beg directions to another door,
Or just to tell, " the chaise will call at four ;"
No matter what, he may for ever stand
Beneath the porch, with knocker still in hand ;
'Tis still " walk in !" from some interior room 145
Beyond a passage veil'd in deepest gloom ;

133d l. *And where yon grove, &c.*

The New Burying place, to which many removals have been made
from the Old, by such unprejudiced minds as think it not sacrilege to
remove human dust.

New-Haven.

Here he must grope his “ blind and erring way,”
 Fall o'er a chair, or through the entry stray,
 Till, sad mistake ! he gains the cellar door,
 And tumbles down a dozen feet or more. 150

A stranger, who arrives to tarry here,
 Excites distrust, inquiry, hope, and fear ;
 Slander awakes, and Fame her trumpet plies,
 Credulity extends her ears and eyes,
 While swift around the secret whisper goes, 155
 Till busy Rumour hatches “ three black crows.”
 The strange proboscis, though of mammoth size,
 Thro' wondering Strasburg spread far less surprize.
 His name, profession, stature, age, and hue,
 The reasons why he bade his home adieu, 160
 All pass a female court in critical review.

150th l. And tumbles headlong, &c.

An accident that actually happened to the unfortunate author, who must consequently be supposed to write *feelingly* on the subject.

156th l. Three black crows, &c.

This story is humourously told by Dr. Smollet, and is too familiar with every reader to need repeating here.

157th l. The strange proboscis, &c.

Sterne tells us of a man who entered Strasburg with such an enormous nose, that the whole town was thrown into confusion.

Eliza sips her tea, then with a smile
 Sweet as the damson which she tastes the while,
 Informs the party, what they long to know,

The name, and so forth, of the stranger beau, 165
 Whose novel manners gave so much delight
 To all at Bloomfield's ball on Monday night.

"O, cries Amelia, 'twas to Adelaide

" His whole attention and respects were paid,

" She knew his name, and if the truth were known,

" I think, prefers it far above her own; 171

" What could he see in her, a very child!

" Or she in him, to be so soon beguiled?"

Jane eager answers, "I'll instruct you all—

" Their first acquaintance was not at the ball, 175

" But, as I live, on Sunday he was seen

" Gallanting her to church across the Green;

162d. Eliza sips her tea, &c.

Should any individuals imagine themselves alluded to, or pointed at, in this picture of New-Haven tea-table chit-chat, they will surely have the goodness not to blame the poet. For every person he professes a due respect, and for the fair sex, in particular, he entertains a most devout affection. But as he has, through mere politeness, invited *Truth* to accompany him on his present little excursion, (as he has frequently offered a play-ticket where he expected its non-acceptance) he cannot, without deviating from etiquette, reject her unfashionable precepts. The unpopularity of this goddess in New-Haven, is most certainly no fault of his.

New-Haven.

“ You'll laugh to think how odd the fop must look
 “ Bearing her parasol, her fan and book !
 “ And bowing, as they parted at the door— 180
 “ Now, did you ever hear the like before ?”
 “ O monstrous !” cries Amelia, “ what disgrace !
 “ How could the girl in meeting show her face ?
 “ But after hearing love-tales, I suspect
 “ That S*****t's sermon had not much effect 185
 “ On simple Adelaide, whose Sunday's walk
 “ Will be the topic of the city talk.
 “ Her coxcomb, too !—what has his breeding been,
 “ To have such folly by the public seen ?
 “ And at the assembly—did he think us brutes ? 190
 “ For, how ridiculous ! he danced in boots !!!
 “ 'Tis whisper'd, too—and I believe the tale,
 “ He left his native state to 'scape a jail !

185th l. *That S*****t's sermon, &c.*

The reverend M. S*****t, who like St. Paul, relinquished the study and practice of the *law*, to assist in the promulgation of the *gospel*; but who has unfortunately smothered great wit, sagacity and ability, in the melancholy consideration of the calvinistical dogmas of election, atonement, and predestined damnation.

188th l. *What has his breeding been, &c.*

Perhaps in no part of the civilized world is *good breeding* so much talked of, and so little seen, as in New-Haven. But this fault, if it is one, is more attributable to heads than to hearts.

“ And—keep the secret close—upon my life,
“ ’Tis known too well he left behind—a wife !” 195

The scandal flies—and ere the victim knows,
He finds himself encircled by his foes ;
The fiend in bulk increases as she flies,
And swells his crimes in multitude and size ;
“ A base deserter from a dozen wives !” 200
And had his reputation twenty lives,
Beneath their venom’d shafts ’tis sure to die,
They pierce his bosom, and he wonders why ;
But, worst of all !—a luckless maid is doom’d
To view, with his, her spotless fame entomb’d. 205

Ye sprightly fair ! New-Haven’s highest boast,
Abroad the wonder, and at home the toast,
Renounce one fault, and lay resistless claim
To sweet perfection and eternal fame.
The soul-expressing, soul-inspiring eye, 210
The nectared lips that with the ruby vie ;
The witching smile that o’er the visage plays,
And bids the fancy in delirium blaze ;
The dulcet tone which rapt attention greets,
Breathed through a channel of unrivall’d sweets ; 215
The sprightly step, the graceful, modest mien,
Where all the charms that fascinate convene,

New-Haven.

Are soon eclipsed, when prejudice and pride,
With jealous envy, in the breast reside.

Then better prize your charms—bid mental grace 220
Superior lustre lend the speaking face ;
Renounce vile Slander—Charity pursue,
And angels may conceive of envy too.

Some such are here—O how superiour they !

As blaze of noon surpasses infant day. 225

Yes, the proud boast is yet, New-Haven, thine,
External grace with mental charms to join.

For while the grateful theme employs my muse,
A sister-goddess she delighted views,

Who pensive moves, with downcast eye, along, 230

A lovely contrast with the gayer throng ;

A temper, gentle as the glassy lake

When zephyrs scarce an undulation wake,

Shines sweetly through the azure of her eye,

Charms in a smile, or interests in a sigh. 235

How lovely, when a melting tale of wo

Heaves her fair breast in mounds of virgin snow,

Or from her eye the crystal tribute calls,

Which, lingering on the brink, reluctant falls,

And on that cheek where softest crimson glows, 240

Rests like a dew-drop on the blushing rose.

How soft her accents, gentle, winning, sweet ;

Envy is silent and her snakes retreat ;

New-Haven.

The child of Nature, with unsullied heart,
Improved, refined, but not restrain'd, by art; 245
Its ebullitions know no false disguise,
They flow from truth and rapture as they rise.

Soul of my song! my song should build thy fame,
Dared my fond muse but lisp thy dearer name;
But ere her fingers kiss the trembling wire, 250
The “ghosts of former joys” untune her lyre;
The sighs of Sorrow murmur as she sings,
And Memory breathes discordance o'er the strings.
Too delicate the theme.—My muse, forbear—
Divert sad Memory with a livelier air; 255
More subjects yet remain for blame or praise,
New-Haven yet demands the poet's lays.

Your Fasts and Sabbaths undisputed claim
The meed of reverence and religious fame;
Of these the muse with due respect would sing, 260
Nor let one wanton note disgrace a string;
Then may not Malice construe wrong the strain,
Nor dare reproach her with intents profane.
The streets deserted, silence reigns around,
Uninterrupted by the smallest sound; 265
Till the loud signal from the “Old Brick” tower,
Given by Claus, proclaims the solemn hour;

New-Haven.

In quick response two other fanes begin,
With "brazen throat and iron tongue," the din ;
In measured time the tones salute the ear, 270
(For e'en bell-ringing goes by method here)
The *Brick*, and *Blue*, and *Church*, the chorus swell,
While raptured Echo answers, "ding ! dong ! bell !"
Still not a passing foot-fall can we hear,
Not e'en a mouse dare in the street appear, 275
Till, at the second peal, from every door,
As from the Trojan horse, the legions pour,
Marshall'd, and clad in Sunday's gay attire,
From span-high infants to the hoary sire ;
New-Haven grace and beauty now are seen, 280
With pensive, measured step, and solemn mien,
Led by their mothers o'er the dewy Green.
Beauty, secluded from the vulgar gaze
For six long, tedious, and unhallowed days,
Conspires to raise and solemnize the scene ; 285
For "angels' visits, short and far between,"
Must sure impress the soul with thoughts divine,
While adoration bows before the shrine.
But, on this day, no anxious lover dare
Confess his flame, or e'en salute the fair ; 290

289th l. But, on this day, no anxious lover, &c.

The "blue-laws" of Connecticut (so called from the colour of the paper on which they were printed) have never been repealed, though

New-Haven.

But, bliss supreme ! he treads where she has trod,
And meekly follows to the house of God.
All enter there—the streets again are clear,
Deserted dwellings show an aspect drear,
And any honest stranger would engage 295
'Twas owing to the yellow-fever's rage.

And is there now one being not at prayer,
Besides myself?—I thought each soul was there ;
But yonder walks a man, with club in paw,
Who seems to bid defiance to the law ; 300
Onward he moves with majesty of pace,
Walks thro' each street, and searches every place.
What would he do ?—Ah ! by his looks, I fear
He'll rob a dwelling while the coast is clear.

they are not, at this day, strictly observed. While this ridiculous code was considered in full force, it was almost sacrilege to betray any marks of tenderness or affection between the sexes on the Sabbath. A gentleman happened to return from a long absence at sea on Sunday, and so unexpectedly, that he first met his family on their way to church. Overjoyed at the happy meeting, he imprudently embraced his wife on the spot, and imprinted on her lips a kiss of connubial affection. Good Heaven ! What consternation filled the breasts of the gaping multitude at seeing this unprecedented enormity ! The ladies—modest things ! how they blushed ! and the gentlemen—how they stared ! Every eye was at once directed to the proper authority, and, in mute eloquence, implored redress. Suffice it, that so flagrant a violation of the law was quickly punished by the vigilant police, and the hapless husband condemned to pay a heavy fine.

New-Haven.

But see ! he stops and gazes with surprise, 305
 While pleasure sparkles in his eager eyes !
 O tell me, Truth, what this strange man delights,
 Is he an author ?—for, behold ! he writes ;
 Some brilliant thought he wishes to retain,
 Just popp'd by accident within his brain. 310
 “ No, Truth replies, his task is thus to stray,
 With book and pencil, on each holy day,
 To see if any (but himself) shall dare
 Evade the law, and walk in time of prayer ;
 Their names he notes with secret heart-felt joy, 315
 For rich reward awaits his curst employ ;
 The hapless wights the enormous fine must pay,
 To appease the law and mend the broken day ;
 The pious Doctor then absolves the sin,
 Tips half the fee—the rest attorneys win.” 320
 Justice, indignant, hears the shameful tale,
 Sighs for her sword, and points to Satire's scale.

The mail arrived last night—but, here must stay,
 Nor can proceed another step to-day ;
 No stage-coach wheels must dare profane the roads 325
 On Sabbath day, with their ungodly loads.
 The anxious travellers must tarry too,
 Though dying friends may bid the world adieu ;
 Business of moment may their presence claim,
 Sickness and death, or love's impatient flame ; 330

New-Haven.

'Tis all the same—the *law* demands their stay,
Wherever be their *hearts*, their *lips* must pray.
Despatches, too, of highest moment, wait,
While merchants suffer in the neighbouring state;
Gazettes, that tell the rise and fall of stocks, 335
Rich-freighted vessels stranded on the rocks,
Or safe arrived, when fear pronounced them lost,
To save a ten-fold premium's serious cost,
Which Monday's sun will see despairing paid,
Occasioned all because the mail is staid. 340

And are these regulations made to prove
How dearly you Religion's precepts love?
Are there no selfish views—no interest here
Conceal'd beneath her mantle?—Yes, I fear
Throughout the whole, when all this fuss is done, 345
Like others, you “take care of number one;”
For you are gainers, though the world may lose—
Have one whole day's advantage of the news,
And speculation being still your trade,
How many pious fortunes thus are made! 350
Inn-keepers, too, by this, increase their pelf,
Each traveller must eat, or starve himself.

But now, o'er western hills, the god of day
Salutes the city with his parting ray:

New-Haven.

Tired of his journey, he retires to bed, 355
 But scarce the watery couch receives his head,
 Ere suddenly, as if enchantment wrought,
 The scene is changed as quick as human thought ;
 Bustle and noise, labour and sports begin,
 And Silence startles at the direful din. 360

Enough of satire.—There are many here
 Whom I must ever love, respect, revere ;
 And actions, too, that merit lasting praise,
 Beyond the efforts of my humble lays.
 Yon fair enclosure, where untroubled sleep 365
 Hearts that have bled, and optics wont to weep,

359th l. Bustle and noise, labour and sports begin, &c.

In Connecticut, with the Presbyterians, Sunday commences at the setting of the sun on Saturday evening, after which moment, labour and sports are suspended till the same period on Sunday, when they are renewed with increased ardour. This custom has, however, varied a little in New-Haven since the laying of the embargo; as this evil was thought to be a judgment of Heaven, they have adopted the plan of attending divine worship on Sunday evening, thereby hoping to avert such a curse in future.

365th l. Yon fair enclosure, &c.

This beautiful spot deserves a particular description; and travellers who may pass through this city are invited to visit it, with the assurance that they will never regret an hour so employed. The New Burying-place is situated at the northern extremity of the city, just far enough removed from its noise and bustle, for retirement and calm reflection.

New-Haven.

Invites my footsteps—thither let me rove,
Where sculptured stones adorn the poplar grove;
Where graves, and urns, and epitaphs appear,
And ask the little tribute of a tear.

370

Come, gentle muse ! awhile consent to stray
Beneath this gloom—for at the close of day,
With downcast eye and interesting tear,
Sweet, pensive Melancholy wanders here.

375

Paid to the dead, as in this hallowed yard !
Where decent order over all presides,
And the rich sculptured stone the mourner

It is perfectly level, carpeted with the richest verdure, and is divided into lots, of suitable dimensions for large families, by a slight railing. At the head and foot of each lot grows a tall and flourishing poplar; so that the whole has the appearance of a beautiful shady grove, with spacious alleys, intersecting each other at right angles, happily calculated for ambulatory recreation. Every lot is distinguished by the name of its proprietor painted on the railing that marks its boundaries, and the progress of the art of sculpture shines conspicuous in the elegant marble monuments that adorn it. The stones, tables, and urns, are all white, and in a moon-light evening produce a very interesting effect. The lengthened shades of the poplars, the chequered gloom, the aspiring monuments, the waving grass, and the sighing breeze, all conspire to fill the mind with sensations of awe mingled with an indescribable pleasure.

New-Haven.

Hillhouse ! 'twas thine to give the dead a place
 Adorn'd by art and nature's every grace ; 380
 To call their ashes from chaotic heaps,
 And fashion order where the victim sleeps ;
 For this alone (if this were all thy fame)
 Shall grateful honours gild thy lasting name.

Here while I stray beneath this poplar gloom, 385
 Friendship demands a tear for yonder tomb ;
 Where, freed from all the cares that life attend,
 Reclines fair Virtue's and the Muses' friend.
 When first these grateful scenes allured mine eyes,
 He taught me where to rove, and what to prize ; 390
 When pensive Vesper led the starry train,
 And Cynthia's splendours mark'd the eastern main,
 Here would we ramble, while the sighing breeze
 Waved the tall verdure and disturb'd the trees ;
 Weave in our converse threads of moral thought, 395
 And scan the truths surrounding emblems taught ;

379th l. *Hillhouse, &c.*

The Hon. James Hillhouse, Esq. who appropriated this spot for interring the dead.

388th l. *Reclines fair Virtue's and the Muses' friend.*

Francis Kidder, printer, who died in the autumn of 1807. His typographical brethren, as a testimony of their affection and respect, erected a handsome stone to his memory, the first one in this place lettered in gilt; it has since, however, been copied by many others.

Then with warm ardour dart our rapid view
Through present clouds to scenes of brighter hue ;
Anticipated joys we hoped to share,
And in imagination revell'd there ; 400
Laid future plans of happiness and ease,
When Love and Fortune would unite to please ;
With rapture dwelt upon the grateful theme,
And with regret dismiss'd the waking dream.
Yes, 'twas a dream ! and I remain to prove 405
That both were shadows, promised wealth and love,
Whilst thou wert call'd from visionary scenes
To real pleasures and eternal greens,
Ere sad Experience taught the cruel truth
That shadows only tempted ardent youth— 410
Kidder ! 'tis mine to wish that Heaven's decree
Had snatch'd us both from this tempestuous sea,
That life had ended ere despair begun,
And, as below our hopes, above our joys been one.

Retired from sepulchres and “ storied urns,” 415
The muse to yonder Seminary turns ;

416th l. *Yonder Seminary, &c.*

Yale College was founded in 1700, and remained at Killingsworth until 1707, then at Saybrook until 1716, when it was removed and fixed at New-Haven. It has its name from its principal benefactor, Gov. Yale. There are at present eight college *domiciles*, three of which, each one hundred feet long, are inhabited by the students, containing

New-Haven.

Magnific pile, where architecte grace
 Shines in each fabric that adorns the place ;
 But where exterior beauty but enshrines
 Far nobler treasures—Learning's richest mines. 420

Cradle of Genius ! here my willing muse
 The tributary lay with joy pursues ;
 Obsequious here the song she fain would raise
 High as her theme, and give deserved praise.
 But, ah ! her humble efforts sink below 425
 The rich encomiums Justice bids bestow ;
 With diffidence she dares attempt the strain
 Which classic bards may hear with cold disdain ;
 Fearful before Apollo's sons she sings,
 Whose more harmonious lyres Minerva strings. 430

First, with meek reverence would I enter where
 Yon spire denotes the edifice for prayer ;
 Access is mine, the willing gates unfold,
 And Yale's assembled sons mine eyes behold ;
 Our future statesmen, patriots, bards, divines, 435
 For whom bright Fame the fadeless laurel twines,

thirty-two chambers each, sufficient for lodging two hundred students ;
 a chapel forty by fifty feet, with a steeple one hundred feet high ;
 another edifice for the library, &c. of the same dimensions ; a dining
 hall sixty by forty feet ; a house for the president, and another for the
 professor of divinity ; the whole pleasantly situated west of the Green,
 which is spread before it.

Are here convened, and in each youthful face
Their rising greatness Fancy fain would trace.
Say, are not here some souls that restless burn,
On life's great stage to take an active turn ; 440
To rise, the awful pillars of the state,
And rival ancient Tully in debate ?
Some who possess a portion of that flame
That gain'd our Washington immortal fame ?
Others, whose philanthropic bosoms glow 445
To shine like Franklin in relieving wo ?
Whose philosophic souls his fame inspires
To wield the thunder and direct its fires ;
To soar, on Learning's wing, through trackless space,
View countless orbs and all their movements trace, 450
Govern'd by order and unchanging laws,
And in effects behold the Eternal Cause ?
Some glowing with a Homer's living fire,
Design'd to " wake to ecstacy the lyre,"
To bid Columbia's future fame arise, 455
And rear Parnassus under western skies ;
Here fix the temple of the tuneful throng,
And rival Albion's boasted sons of song ?
Or are not here some destined yet to shine,
With cloudless lustre, in the desk divine ; 460
To wake the soul, and guide its feeble view
To Him who made, and can its form renew ;

New-Haven.

Recal the wandering wretch, his course restrain,
And gently lead him to the fold again ;
Arouse the careless, and support the weak, 465
And gospel truths with voice unsaltering speak ?

But, see ! what dignity ! what ease and grace,
Combine in him who fills that sacred place !
Renown'd divine ! to thee my lays aspire,
Thou reverend minstrel of the epic lyre ! 470
Whose tuneful numbers, when thou didst them roll,
Portray thine own, and rap the listening soul.
But when within the sacred desk you stand,
And raise the eye devout, and spread the hand ;
Or, from that holy book, expound to youth 475
Precepts of Heavenly evangelic truth ;
What soul will not enthusiastic glow
With warm devotion as thy accents flow ?
What heart can cold, inanimate remain,
And let thy matchless reasoning plead in vain ? 480

Hail, sons of Genius ! youthful sages, hail !
The glory, pride, support, and boast of Yale ;
Your country's ornaments aspire to prove,
And grace the spheres in which you're call'd to move ;

469th l. Renown'd divine.

Dr. Dwight, president of Yale College, and professor of divinity ; a great scholar, profound divine, and celebrated poet.

New-Haven.

So shall your *Alma Mater* rise in fame, 485
 And deathless honours decorate her name.
 And here the muse bewails her hapless bard,
 Whose cruel fate such golden prospects marr'd,
 For Hope once whisper'd to his ardent breast,
 " Thy dearest, fondest wish shall be possess'd"— 490
 Unfolded to his view the classic page,
 And all its treasures promised ripening age ;
 Show'd Learning's flowery path which led to Fame,
 Whose distant temple glittered with his name.
 Illusive all !—the phantom all believe, 495
 Though still we know her promises deceive ;
 Chill penury convinced the wretch, too late,
 Her words were false, and his a hapless fate.

How many minds, that govern now our fates,
 Rule o'er the nation, or direct the states, 500
 Were fashioned here !—the warrior and the sage,
 And worthiest statesmen of the present age ;
 Bards like our Trumbull, Barlow, Humphreys, Dwight,
 Who thrill the soul with rapturous delight ;

503d l. *Bards like our Trumbull, &c.*

John Trumbull, Esq. the author of a poem, in copious wit, second only to the cantos of Butler ; and in vigour, dignity, and sweetness, superior to the " passing worth of Sir Hudibras."—When the politics of " M'Fingal" are forgotten, the poem will be read, repeated, and admired by every lover of the jocund muse. This poem, comprising

New-Haven.

And essayists grave, or politicians wise, 505
Who feel like Webster, or like Dana rise ;
Chauncey, the firmest pillar of our laws,
And Daggett, eloquent in virtue's cause.

four cantos, was published in 1784, and has since passed through several editions. "The Progress of Dullness," "Elegy on the Times," and several other fruits of his genius, adorn the annals of American poetry.

Joel Barlow, Esq. commenced the career of life by pursuing the more flowery paths of literature. His "Vision of Columbus," his local and satirical poems, and above all, his admirable "Hasty Pudding," have conferred on him a degree of celebrity to which few American bards have attained. While in Europe, he published, among other pieces, "The Conspiracy of Kings," which has been repeatedly published in the United States.

Colonel David Humphreys, the friend of Dwight, Hopkins, Trumbull, Wolcott, Strong, and Earlow, was a distinguished star in this constellation of geniuses. The "Anarchiad" is said to be the joint production of these poets, whose primary design was to chastise the promoters of measures hostile to good faith and sound policy, which were, at that time, every where pursued—the American Republic being then united but in name. What first drew public attention to colonel Humphreys as a poet, was his "Address to the Armies." His next publication of any note was his poem "On the Happiness of America." This was followed by his "Essay on the Life of General Putnam," and by his tragedy, entitled "The Widow of Malabar," translated from the French, first played in May, and published in August, 1790. A poem entitled "Industry," published in Philadelphia, in 1794, was his last production of note, and the author has now retired to his seat at Humphreysville, where he has established an extensive cloth manufactory.

New-Haven.

With hundreds more the muse could grace her verse,
And bid her lyre their various worth rehearse, 510
But these suffice—nor must her measured strain
Swell to more lines than these small bounds contain.

Eve shuts her windows—let me now advance
Where the sweet viol leads the mazy dance ;
Here Pleasure warms the heart, and lights the eye, 515
While bounding pulses to the music fly ;
Here Grace and Beauty hold their happy court,
And raptured Fancy e'er delights to sport.
How innocent, how rational is this !
Where health receives new flush from virtuous bliss.
Hence, all ye sordid cares that peace destroy ! 521
Here bosoms only feel and throb to joy ;
Sacred to Pleasure is the present hour,
Nor Hate, nor Envy dare approach her bower.

Dr. Dwight's first poetical publication was the "Conquest of Canaan," an epic poem, in eleven books, printed in Hartford, in 1785, and reprinted in London the next year. In this work the lover of poetry will discover many passages highly poetical, and will probably read the eleventh book with pleasure, more than once. The versification, for uniform correctness, has seldom been surpassed. In 1794, he published, in New-York, his "Greenfield-Hill," a poem in seven parts, which, three years afterwards, was also reprinted in London. Besides these, he is the reputed author of many smaller poems, and several exquisite pieces of unrivalled merit.

New-Haven.

The sweetest art of all considered fine,
Is yet, New-Haven, exquisitely thine.

525

There is another source of joy, design'd
To please the senses and instruct the mind;
To you unknown—for Prejudice denies,
In this famed state, what liberal tastes must prize. 530
I mean the stage—(the moralist may start)
I mean the stage—improver of the heart ;
That holds the mirror up to vice and crime,
And “ shows the form and pressure of the time.”
Why is the drama in this place suppress'd, 535
The treat with which your sister states are bless'd ?
Why, here alone, are minds of taste deprived
Of all the joys from scenic arts derived ?
For you, where Prejudice still holds her reign,
Has Shakspear wrote and Cooper lived in vain. 540
That blear-eyed monster is the deadliest foe
That Learning, Taste, and liberal Arts can know,
And here extends her sway :—O drive her hence !
And wake to Candour, liberty, and sense :
But, ah ! I urge in vain—it cannot be, 545
Candour and “ steady habits” won't agree ;
An age must roll—a century must waste,
Ere you attain your sisters' arts and taste.

But, though an infant, Taste can here be found,
Array'd in flowers, her brow with garlands crown'd,
And, when gay Flora's blush the town arrays, 551
In Mix's arbours she delighted plays ;
Wantons along the winding paths, or treads
In sportive gambols o'er the rosy beds ;
Peeps through the foliage of the blossom'd trees, 555
That freight with sweetness evening's balmy breeze ;
Her glowing temple animates above,
And bids the wax discourse, the canvass move ;
Swells Grief's bright tear in fair Columbia's eye,
And teaches Music's breath to sweetly sigh. 560

How happy, once !—here I could careless stroll,
And feel no sorrows preying on my soul ;

552d l. In Mix's arbours, &c.

The Columbian Gardens, kept by Mr. Mix, proprietor of the Museum, may be considered the only resort for rational recreation. Here, on a summer's evening, is sometimes convened a brilliant assemblage of beauty, taste, and fashion.

557th l. Her glowing temple, &c.

The Columbian Museum, the rapid progress of which, towards perfection, reflects great honour on the taste and industry of Mr. Mix, is justly styled "The Temple of Taste."

559th l. Fair Columbia's eye.

The Genius of Columbia is represented, in wax, weeping at the tomb of Washington.

New-Haven.

In yon alcove have mused, reclined and mute,
 Or breathed my feelings through the pensive flute ;
 Stray'd through these alleys, in yon arbour sat, 565
 Quaff'd the rich juice, and join'd in Friendship's chat ;
 Here Love, too, sometimes heightened every joy,
 When smiles and roses only deck'd the boy,
 Ere disappointment barb'd his harmless dart,
 And Avarice tore it from my mangled heart. 570

New-Haven !—source of all my former joys !
 The demon, now, that all my bliss destroys !
 In you I view, with just, impartial eyes,
 All that I love, and much that I despise.
 Though you affect Religion to revere, 575
 Her noblest precept finds few votaries here :
 Sweet Charity, fair offspring of the skies,
 You know not, feel not, have not learn'd to prize ;
 Truth bids me speak—when I the past review,
 I know not, feel not, charity for you ; 580
 Who, when ye see Misfortune on the chase,
 Let loose a pack of Slander and Disgrace ;
 Hunt the poor wretch till he must yield and die,
 Or, pierced with Censure's teeth, ignobly fly ;
 As is the timid hare, by rustic clown, 585
 Drove from her form, pursued, and hunted down.
 Myself, a timid being, eager sought
 Your famed retreat for liberty of thought,

The term of " steady habits" lured me here,
And Love detain'd for one short happy year. 590
But stern Misfortune, by one cruel blow,
Blasted my hopes, and laid my prospects low ;
Then as a fiend lank Poverty pursued,
And, huntsmen like, the cruel sport you view'd ;
" The game in view !—hark, forward !" was the cry,
And, gash'd with wounds, the wretch was doom'd to fly ;
His strength exhausted, he despairing fell,
And bade to Hope, and Love, and all, farewell !
Was't not enough he bow'd beneath the storm ?
But must you trample on his prostrate form, 600
Torture, and view him writhe beneath the smart,
Murder his peace, and tear his bleeding heart ?
O cruel malice ! source of his despair !
" A wounded spirit who, alas ! can bear ?"
O who can tell what struggles rack'd him here ? 605
Who count each bursting sigh, each falling tear,
That forced their passage from his aching breast,
When torn from prospects that had made him blest ?
Forbear, my muse ! nor dare the dangerous theme,
Recal not back the past illusive dream ; 610
Let dark Oblivion shroud it with her veil,
And in meek silence blasted hopes bewail.



The Minstrel's Farewell to his Lyre

VALEDICTORY.

THE MINSTREL'S FAREWELL TO HIS LYRE.

When Fate's stern fiat dooms fond friends to part,
What thrilling pangs pervade the feeling heart !
With ardent glow the proffer'd hand is press'd,
While the moist eye bespeaks the aching breast ;
The final gaze, we, lingering, still renew,
Dreading the last, the painful word—*Adieu!*

So I—a bird of passage—wont to rove—
Have oft been doom'd to leave the friends I love ;
Have oft been fated to endure the smart
Which now afflicts my lacerated heart ;
That heart, alive to every finer glow,
Enrapturing joy—or ecstacy of wo.
Then, friends of song, attend your Minstrel's lay ;
He sings but this, and throws his lyre away.

In life's fair morn, when sunshine warm'd the scene,
And fairy hopes danced o'er the laughing green,
His infant Muse essay'd the artless strain,
On Charles's bank, or Newton's verdant plain ;
Gave him her lyre, and taught his hand to play,
While flattery Echo chanted back the lay.

The Minstrel's Farewell to his Lyre.

Pleased, like a child, he fondly thought 'twas Fame,
Ambition kindled, and he sought the dame ;
Unknowing where her lofty temple stood,
He pierced the grotto and explored the wood ;
But vain the search, in meadow, vale, or hill,
The air-form'd phantom flew, but answer'd still,
Till tired Experience proved the sylvan scene
Held not the temple of ambition's queen.

With fond regret he left the calm retreat,
Where Nature's charms in sweet disorder meet,
Diversified with meadows, groves, and hills,
And Charles's thousand tributary rills—
Left rustic joys, to court the city's smile,
And woke the strain in Beauty's cause awhile—
He sung of love—a minstrel's sweetest dream,
And sung sincerely—for he felt the theme ;
His soul was pour'd in every amorous tone—
An angel heard, and answer'd with her own.

Columbia call'd—to arms her veterans sprung,
He felt the impulse, and of glory sung ;
Swept o'er the chords, assumed a loftier lay,
And vent'rous dared with bolder hand to play.

But, ah ! his harp no blooming laurel bears,
His humble brow no blushing garland wears ;

The Minstrel's Farewell to his Lyre.

Unknown, unsought, he must obscurely sigh,
Held from despair but by affection's tie ;
By love and penury condemn'd to know,
Like Leda's sons, alternate bliss and wo.

Then Fame, adieu ! no more he courts your charms ;
Welcome, Retirement ! take him to your arms ;
Here, gentle Muse, he gives you back the lyre,
Whose tones could once his youthful bosom fire.
That lyre shall sleep, nor breathe a tone again,
Till scenes celestial claim the glowing strain ;
Till realms eternal burst upon the view,
And animate the wondering bard anew.
Till then, farewell ! He follows Fame no more ;
But spurns the shrine at which he knelt before—
Let Poverty prepare her bitterest draught,
And Malice barb his most inveterate shaft—
The troubled dream of life will soon be o'er,
And a bright morning dawn to fade no more.



**WOODWORTH'S
SACRED MELODIES.**



WOODWORTH'S SACRED MELODIES.

CONSECRATION.

And did I say, my lyre should sleep,
Because no laurels deck'd it;
That I no more its chords would sweep,
Because its lay is valued cheap,
And all the world neglect it?
I did—but felt not then the flame
Which now within me blazes,
Nor reck'd of His eternal claim,
Who gave the lyre to sing His name,
And utter forth His praises.

Philosophy and Theosophy.

But now that lyre shall sleep no more,
 Nor wake to earthly measures ;
 But every strain it warbles o'er
 Shall that Eternal Source adore,
 Whence flow immortal pleasures.
 No more I prostitute its lay
 To subjects evanescent ;
 But sing those scenes of endless day
 Where angel harps in rapture play,
 And praises flow incessant.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOSOPHY.

There is a Philosophy, hollow, unsound,
 To matter confining its false speculations ;
 Whose flight is confined within Nature's dull round,
 Its pinions the web of sophistic persuasions.

And there's a Philosophy truly divine,
 That traces effects up to spiritual causes,
 Determines the link of the chain where they join,
 And soars to an infinite height ere it pauses.

That meanly debases the image of God,
 To rank with the brutes in the scale of creation :
This raises the tenant of light from the sod,
 And bears him to heaven, his primitive station.

Philosophy and Theosophy.

Hail, science of angels ! Theosophy, hail !

That shows us the regions of bliss by reflection ;
Removes from creation's broad mirror the veil,
Where spirit and matter appear in connexion.

It breaks on the soul in an ocean of light,

She starts from her lethargy, stretches her pinions,
Beholds a new world bursting forth on her sight,
And, soaring in ecstacy, claims her dominions.

A sense of original, dignified worth,

Her bosom expands with sublime exultation ;
She tastes immortality even on earth,
In light that eclipses the sun's emanation.

Be sages and pedants to nature confined,

And the bat darkly flutter in Luna's pale presence ;
I'll soar, like the eagle, through regions of mind,
In the blaze of that Sun which is truth in its essence.

Regeneration.

REGENERATION.

A PARAPHRASE OF THE FIRST PSALM.

How happy the man who discards from his breast
The unhallowed passions from Nature possess'd ;
Who heeds not their counsel or softest persuasion,
But treats them as foes upon every occasion.

Though the sunshine of peace such a bosom illume,
Or nights of temptation involve it in gloom ;
Whatever his state be, with calm resignation,
He looks to the Word of his God for salvation.

And the Word of his God, like a river of truth,
Gives each young-budding virtue the vigour of youth ;
While practical love is still temper'd by reason,
As the green leaflet decks the ripe fruit in its season.

Thus Regeneration proceeds from the Word,
If we combat our evils, and trust in the Lord ;
Then prosper, dear Saviour, each humble endeavour,
And thine be the glory, for ever and ever !

The Crucifixion.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Weeping Mary, bathed in sorrow,
Linger'd near the scene of horror,
Where the dying Saviour hung ;
From whose bursting heart arising,
Groans of anguish agonizing,
Floated o'er His fever'd tongue !

O what sorrow, deep, unbounded,
That maternal bosom wounded,
Once the Saviour's couch of rest !
How she wept to see Him languish,
How she trembled for the anguish
Labouring in His guiltless breast !

Who could witness, without weeping,
Gushing streams of sorrow sweeping
Down the mother's pallid cheek ?
Who with bosom unrelenting,
Could behold her thus lamenting,
Looking what no tongue could speak ?

While such pangs as fiends invented,
Still her suffering Son tormented,
Scorn and bruises, stripes, and death ;

The Crucifixion.

She beheld Him thus expiring,
 Human friends in fear retiring,
 Whilst in groans He spent His breath !

Matchless mercy ! love amazing !
 Far above our feeble praising,
 Far beyond our humble lays ;
 May its influence never vary,
 Till my heart, like that of Mary,
 Glow with a seraphic blaze.

Gracious Saviour, now in glory,
 Be this sad affecting story,
 Deeply on my soul impress !
 May the scene of such affliction,
 Bring the hardest heart conviction,
 Melt the most obdurate breast !



The New Jerusalem.

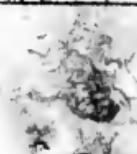
THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Rich in mercy, Jesus reigns,
Heaven owns no other king ;
Crown Him, mortals, in your strains,
While His matchless grace you sing.
Angels wake their loftier lays,
Kindled from celestial fires ;
Humbler spirits bid His praise
Sweetly flow from silver lyres.

Mortals ! catch the pleasing strain,
Gratitude demands the song—
Jesus builds His Church again,
Where your *Babel* stood so long.
Truth divine her wall supports,
Love has paved her streets of gold ;
Jasper towers, and crystal courts,
Gates of pearl, that never fold.

Pilgrims ! enter, and rejoice—
Here your Saviour holds His throne ;
'Tis the City of His choice,
'Tis the Church He calls His own.
Precious gems on every side,
Height'ning all her heavenly charms—
'Tis the Lamb's celestial Bride,
Smiling in her Husband's arms.

The Incarnation.



THE INCARNATION.

O for a Seraph's golden lyre,
 With chords of light, and tones of fire,
 To sing that wond'rous love
 Which brought a Deity below,
 To save an erring race from wo,
 And give them joys above.

O may that love inspire my soul
 Till such ecstatic numbers roll,
 As are by angels given ;
 To tell Redemption's wond'rous plan,
 How Heaven descended down to man,
 That man might rise to Heaven.

His creatures fell—no pitying eye,
 No powerful arm to save, was nigh,
 Or aid our feeble powers ;
 He saw—He came—He fought alone,
 And conquered evils not his own,
 That we might conquer ours.

Temptation's thorny path He trod,
 In form, a man—in soul, a God,
 And trod the path alone ;

The Incarnation.

In vain the direst fiends assail'd,
His mighty arm of power prevail'd,
And hell was overthrown.

He pass'd the dismal vale of death—
The human form resign'd its breath,
And like a mortal died ;
But death was crush'd beneath His feet,
He rose a God and man complete,
His human glorified.

Amazing Mercy !—love immense !
Surpassing every human sense,
Since time and sense began !
That man might shun the realms of pain,
And know and love his God again,
His God became a man !



Miriam's Song.

MIRIAM'S SONG.*

THE LORD'S VICTORY IN TEMPTATION.

Sing to Jehovah an anthem of praise,
 And tell of His glory in rapturous lays ;
 Sing of His triumphs when demons assaulted,
 When hosts of infernals His human assail'd,
 The hells were subdued, and the Victor exalted—
 Like man He was tempted—like God He prevail'd.
 Sing to Jehovah an anthem of praise,
 And tell of His triumphs in rapturous lays.

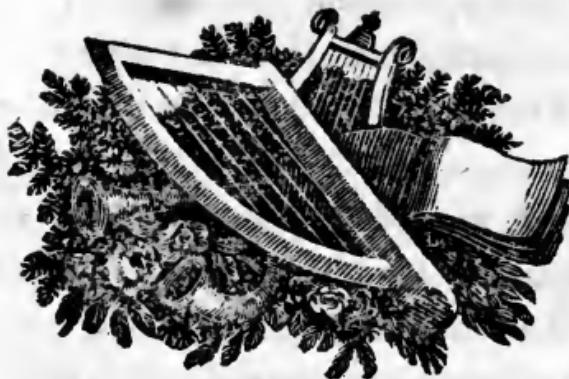
Praise Him, ye ransom'd—He conquer'd for you,
 Who fled from your sins, and beheld them pursue ;
 Whelming your spirits in deep tribulation ;
 But Jesus was present, a pillar of fire,†
 And led you in safety through seas of temptation,
 In which you beheld each assailant expire.
 Sing to Jehovah an anthem of praise,
 And tell of His triumphs in rapturous lays.

* And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand ; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously ; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.—*Exodus xv. 20, 21.*

† And it came to pass, that in the morning watch the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire.—*xiv. 24.*

Miriam's Song.

Praise Him who conquer'd our spiritual foes,
When fierce, like an army of horsemen, they rose,
Threat'ning again in their shackles to bind us ;
Through billows of trouble He led us to shore,
While the horse and his rider were founder'd behind us,
O'erwhelm'd in the gulf, to assail us no more.
Sing to Jehovah an anthem of praise,
And tell of His triumphs in rapturous lays.



Open the Door.

OPEN THE DOOR.*

That God, who calls the human mind
A temple for himself design'd,†
A house upon a rock—‡
Assures us He will patient wait,
In mercy, at the mental gate,
And for admittance knock.

Who hears the gracious call within,
And draws the iron bolts of sin,
Which barricade the door,
Will banquet with a guest divine,
On life-imparting food and wine,
From Love's exhaustless store.

Come, then, dear Saviour—be *my* guest,
Knock louder at this flinty breast,
And rouse me with thy voice ;
Then will I struggle to remove
The sins which now obstruct thy love,
And in that love rejoice.

* Behold I stand at the door and knock : if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me.—*Revelation* iii. 20.

† See I. Cor. iii. 16. II. Cor. vi. 16.

‡ See Matthew vii. 24.

Open the Door.

Thou wilt not let me strive in vain—
The gates of brass shall burst in twain,
 The iron bars shall fall ;
Then will my soul thy temple be,
Where I shall ever feast with Thee,
 My God, my life, my all !



Sin no more.

SIN NO MORE.*

A song of gratitude begin,
To praise the God who saves from sin ;
Who marks the penitential tear
And deigns the contrite sigh to hear ;
Who whispers hope, when we our sins deplore—
“ Thy God condemns thee not—offend no more.”

But, ah ! such love can ne’er be sung—
Such boundless grace !—by mortal tongue ;
For e’en celestial minstrels deem
Their highest skill below the theme ;
Yet mortals can, with gratitude, adore
The God who pardons all that sin no more.

Dear Lord ! is this condition all ?
To fight the foes that wrought our fall ?
Thus arm’d with hope, I’ll quell a host,
Nor let so cheap a heaven be lost ;
O then repeat the sweet assurance o’er,
“ Thy God will not condemn thee—sin no more.”

* And Jesus said unto her, neither do I condemn thee ; go, and sin no more.—*John viii. 11.*

God in His Temple.

GOD IN HIS TEMPLE.

God is in His holy Temple,
Sons of earth, be silent now ;*
Hither let the saints assemble,
And before His footstool bow.
Lo, He's present with us ever,
When assembled in His name ;†
Aiding every good endeavour,
Guiding every humble aim.

God is in His holy Temple,
'Tis each renovated mind ;‡
Where the purer thoughts assemble,
While the base are cast behind.
Every earthly, low affection,
Long opposed, is silent now ;
Every passion, in subjection,
Must at Wisdom's altar bow.

* The Lord is in His holy Temple; let all the earth keep silence before him. *Hab.* ii. 20.

† For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them. *Matthew xviii.* 20.

‡ Ye are the Temple of God, *I. Cor.* iii. 16. *II. Cor.* vi. 16.

God in His Temple.

God is in His holy Temple,
 'Tis the church He calls His own,
 'Tis the city where assemble
 All who worship Him alone.*
 New-Jerusalem the holy
 Is the city of our God,
 There our Saviour governs solely,
 With the balance and the rod.

God is in His holy Temple,
 'Tis the Body of our Lord;†
 Infidels may doubt and tremble,
 We have learn'd it from His WORD;
 From that WORD which wrought creation,‡
 From that WORD which flesh became,§
 Which alone can give salvation—
 God and Jesus are the same.||

* And I saw no temple therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it—the Lamb is the light thereof. *Rev. xxi. 22, 23.*

† He spake of the temple of His body. *John ii. 21.* God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself. *II. Cor. v. 19.*

‡ All things were made by Him. *John i. 3.*

§ The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us. *John i. 14.*

|| Jesus said—I and my Father are one. *John x. 30.*

Redemption.

REDEMPTION.

Redemption claims our highest lays,
To Jesus Christ belongs the praise ;
The lofty theme should fire the soul,
And music's richest numbers roll.

Our blest Redeemer is the God we own,
Then swell the chorus to His name alone.

Unseen, unknown, and unreveal'd,*
No creature's eye our God beheld,
Till He the wond'rous work begun,
And show'd the Father in the Son ;†

Jehovah now as Jesus Christ is known,
Then swell the chorus to His name alone.

* No man hath seen God at any time. *John i. 18.*

Dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto ; whom *no man* hath seen, nor can see. *Tim. vi. 16.*

Thou canst not see my face ; for there shall no man see me, and live. *Exodus xxxiii. 20.*

† Philip saith unto Jesus, Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known ME, Philip ? He that hath seen ME, hath seen the Father ; and sayest thou then show us the Father ? *I am in the Father and the Father in ME.* *John xiv. 8, 9, 10, 11.*

Redemption.

From heaven His pitying eye survey'd*
 The ruin sin on earth had made ;
 He saw His creatures run the road
 Which led from happiness and God ;
 He saw, and saved—the work was all His own,
 Then swell the chorus to His name alone.

Swift from supernal realms of day,
 Seraphic minstrels wing'd their way,
 To hail the great Redeemer's birth,
 And publish peace to men on earth :
 “To God give glory”—sung the joyous throng,
 Let men and angels still repeat the song.

Alas ! no human accents can
 Express the love of God to man ;
 Who, to redeem a sinful worm,
 Assumed the human mind and form ;
 Was born a man, that man might be re-born !
 Then let us praise Him on His natal morn.

* The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God.

They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy : there is none that doeth good, no, not one. *Psalm xiv. 3, 4.*

The Nativity.

THE NATIVITY.

Strike the loud anthem to hail the blest morning,
Jesus the Saviour an infant appears ;
Lo ! in the East, a new day-spring is dawning !*
Hark ! the glad tidings which sound in our ears !
On this auspicious morn,
To us a child is born,†
Glory to God in the highest be given ;
Hail our Redeemer's birth—
Good will and Peace on earth—
Man shall again have conjunction with Heaven.

Hark ! 'twas the voice of a seraph that sounded—
Shepherds of Judea start with surprise,
While, with a radiance of glory surrounded,
Troops of bright angels descend from the skies.
Now loud the choral strain
Swells round the happy plain,
Glory to God in the highest be given ;
Hail our Redeemer's birth—
Good will and Peace on earth—
Man shall again have conjunction with Heaven.

* The day-spring from on high hath visited us. Luke i. 78.

† Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders ; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Isa. ix. 6.

The Nativity.

Hail to the Saviour, descending from Heaven,
To build him a kingdom which never shall cease;
The Child that is born and the Son that is given,
Is God everlasting, the great Prince of Peace.

Praise Him with grateful lays,
Pour forth the soul in praise;
The government rests on His shoulders alone:
In Him the Godhead dwells
Which has subdued the hells;
And God the Creator, as Jesus is known.



True Worship.

TRUE WORSHIP,

THE SACRIFICE OF THE HEART.

How shall we sinners come before*
Our blessed Saviour's dazzling throne ;
Or how acceptably adore
The great redeeming God we own ?

Shall fatlings on His altar burn,
Or oil in bounteous rivers flow ?
Will God be pleased with such return,
For all the mighty debt we owe ?

Or shall we burst the tenderest tie
That binds the throbbing seat of sense,
And with our body's offspring buy,
A pardon for our soul's offence ?

* Wherewith shall I come before Jehovah, and bow myself before the high God ? Shall I come before him with burnt-offerings, with calves of a year old ? Will Jehovah be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil ? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul ? He hath showed thee, O man, what is good : and what doth Jehovah require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God ? *Micah vi. 6 to 8.*

True Worship.

Ah ! no—a humble, contrite heart,
Is all the offering God requires ;
Our only sacrifice, to part
With evil loves and false desires.

O let us, then, no longer stray
Along the dangerous paths we've trod ;
For he has plainly show'd the way
Which will conduct us back to God.

'Tis but to regulate the mind
By the pure precepts of His word ;
To act with truth and love combined,
And humbly imitate the Lord.



True Worship.

SEEK YE THE LORD.

Ye sons of men, come, seek the Lord,
While yet He may be found ;*
He'll meet you in His holy word,
Where love and truth abound.

Call on Him while He yet is near
To hear a sinner's call ;
A humble penitential tear
Will never vainly fall.

Let man forsake the sinner's road,
Discard each vicious thought,
Return to Jesus, as his God,
And be by Jesus taught ;

Then will the Lord his mercy show ;
His pardon freely give ;
Then man his only good will know,
And in that knowledge live.

* Seek ye Jehovah while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts ; and let him return unto Jehovah, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

Regeneration.

FIRST STATE OF REGENERATION.

There is a world—the world of mind,
By neither time nor space confined ;
And when we cease in flesh to dwell,
That world will be our heaven or hell.

By fallen nature, 'tis, alas !
A rude, chaotic, shapeless mass ;*
Devoid of goodness, truth, or light,
And veil'd in blackest shades of night.

But He who gave creation birth,
Can re-create this mental earth ;
For this His spirit, like a dove,†
Broods o'er our secret thoughts in love.

If we consent to be renew'd,
And wish our evil lusts subdued ;
“ Let there be light,” He says, and straight
We see our low disorder'd state.

* And the earth was without form and void ; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. *Gen. i. 2.*

† And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. *Gen. i. 2.*

Regeneration.

Then do we seek to know the Lord,
Receive instruction from His word ;
While He divides the day from night,
And we proceed from shade to light.

Lord, let thy spirit, like a dove,
Brood over all our souls in love,
Then give us light our state to see,
And we will give the praise to thee.

SECOND STATE OF REGENERATION.

Our God can re-create,
And form the soul anew ;
And all who will co-operate,
Shall find His promise true.

When we permit His light
Our evils to reprove,
And then those evils boldly fight,
He will the whole remove.

Though hard the contest prove,
And doubtful seem the fray,
He hovers o'er us with his love,
Till we have gain'd the day.

Regeneration.

The Lord will then create
A firmament sublime,
Celestial thoughts to separate
From those of sense and time.

We then no more believe
The work to be our own ;
But all of good that we receive
Ascribe to God alone.

Thus will a second birth
Form heaven in the soul,
And man, a new created earth,
In order's orbit roll.

FINIS.

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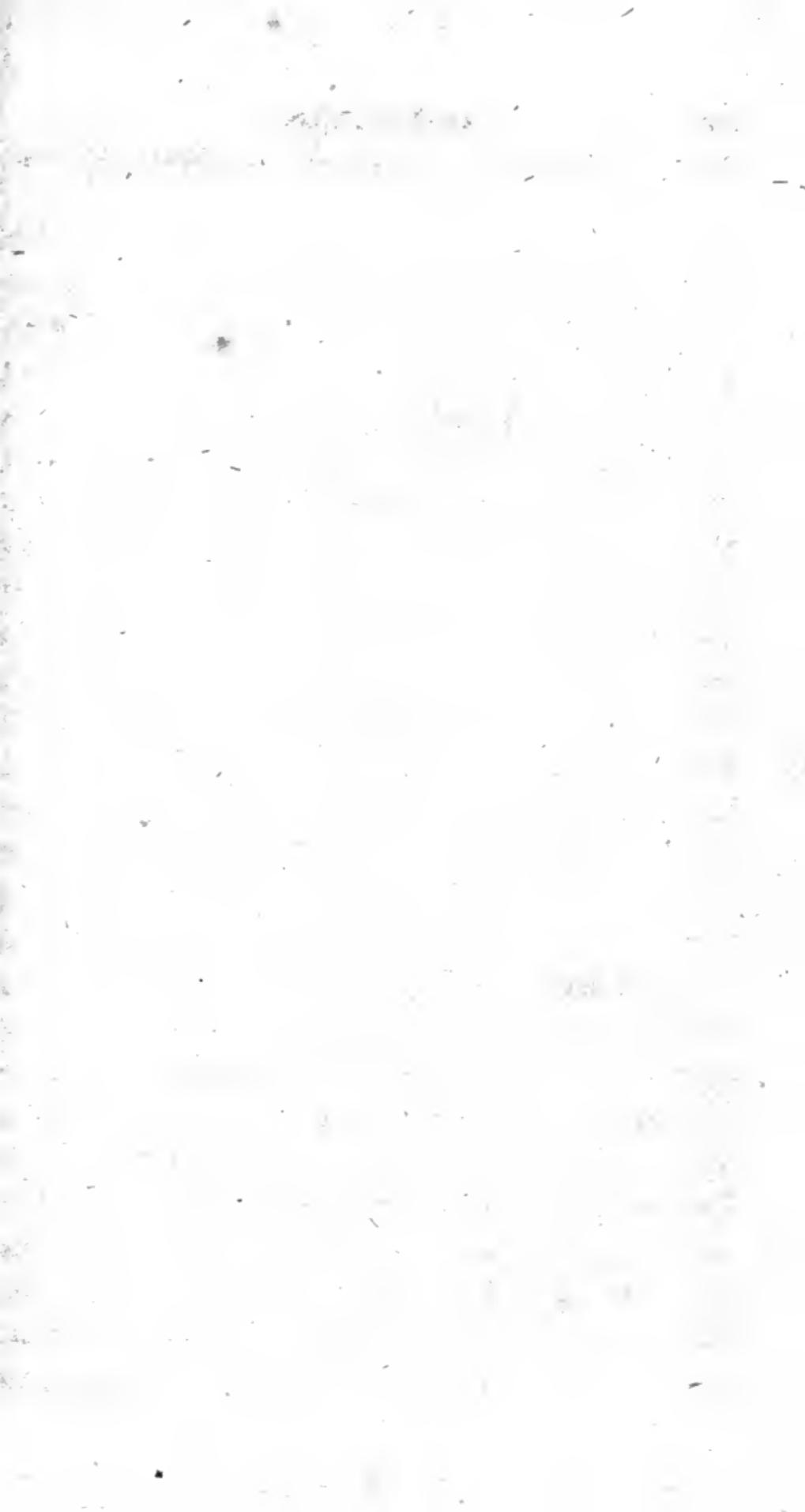
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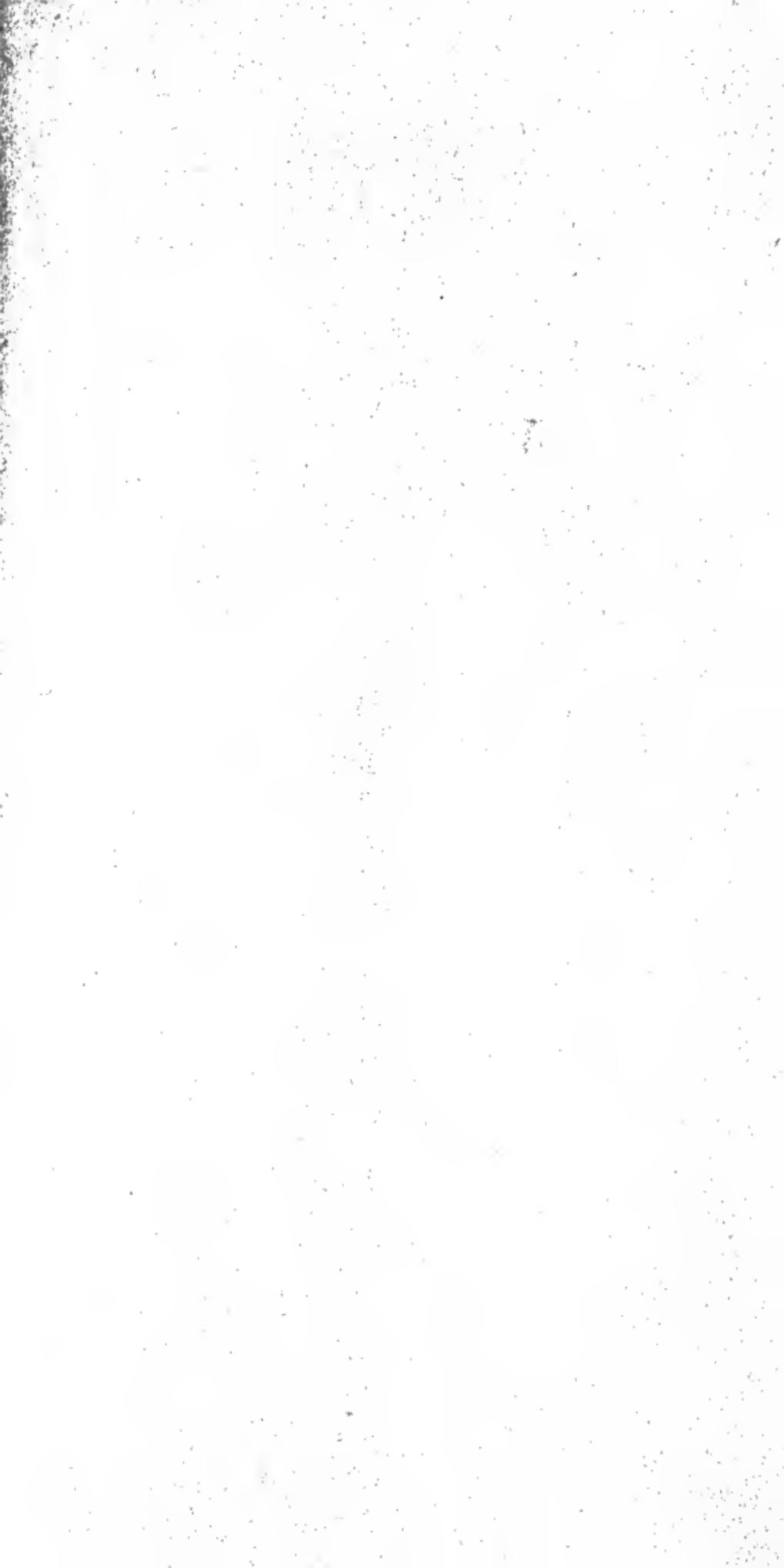
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